AVON PUBLICATION

The FIGHTING DAREDEVILS of the U.S.A.

10c
No. 4

U.S. TANK COMMANDOS

BREAKTHROUGH!
MEETING UNDER FIRE!
HELL ON WHEELS!

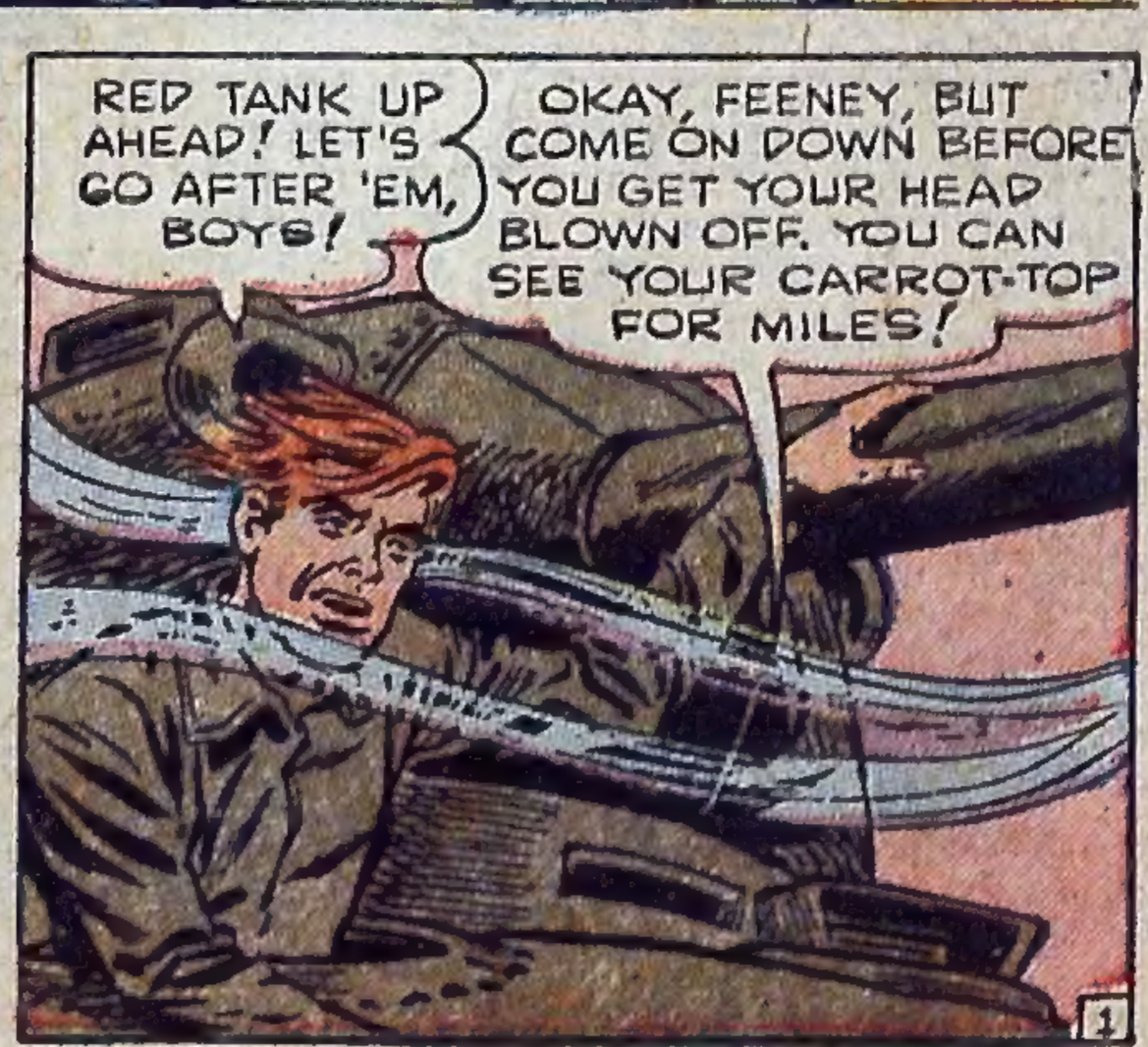
The U.S. TANK COMMANDOS

U. S. TANK COMMANDOS. March, 1953. Vol. 1, No. 4. Published quarterly by Avon Periodicals, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York: Jos. Meyers, Pres., Sol Cohen, Editor and General Manager. Application for second-class entry pending at Post Office at New York 1, N. Y. One year subscription in the U. S. 40c plus 15c for packing and mailing—total 55c elsewhere $1.00. Copyright 1953 by Avon Periodicals, Inc. All names in this periodical are entirely fictitious and no identification with actual persons is intended. Printed in U.S.A.

HELL ON WHEELS!

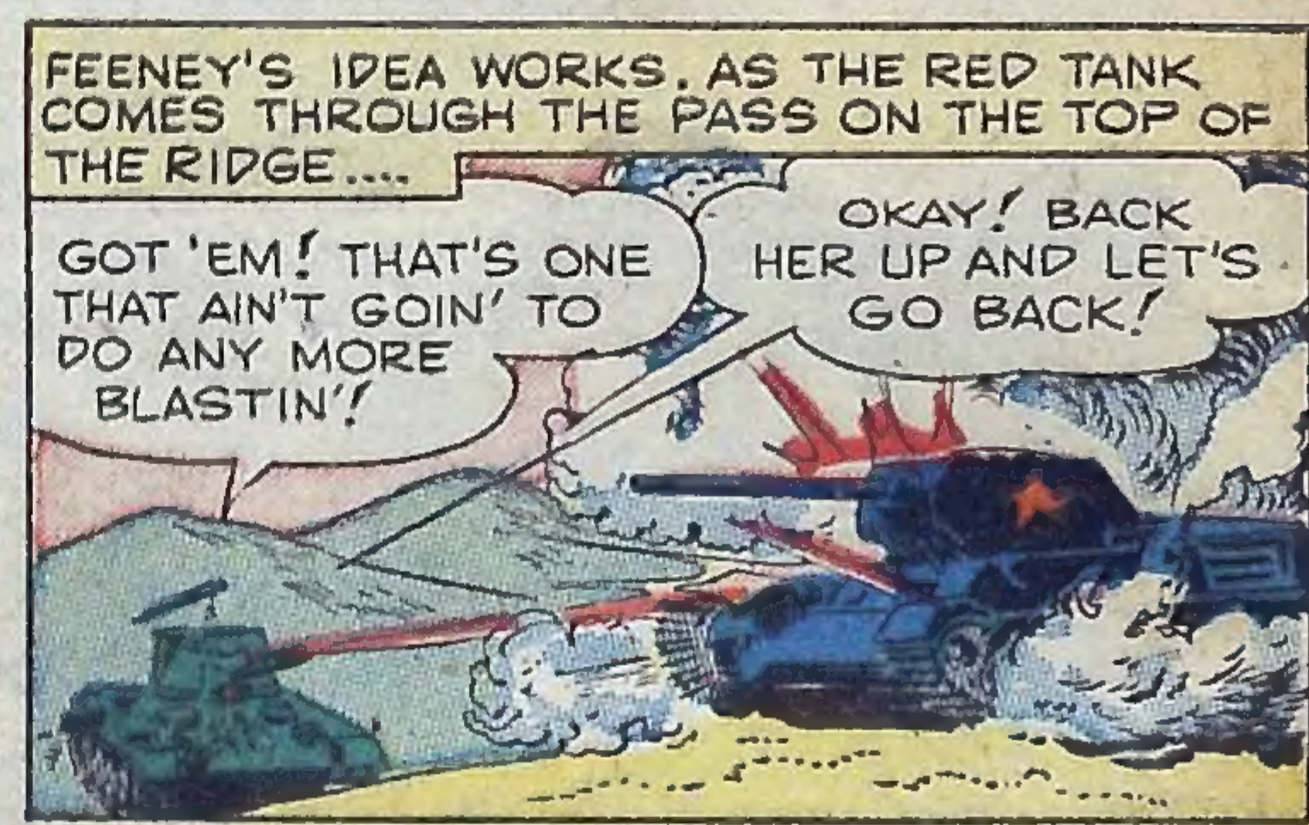
CUT OFF BY THE ENEMY AND SEPARATED FROM THEIR COMRADES BY A THICK WALL OF FOG, SERGEANT FEENEY AND HIS BATTLE-SCARRED CREW ROLLED DEEP INTO RED TERRITORY TO FIND WHAT EVERYONE ELSE HAD MISSED... A GIANT AMMO DUMP! WITH ONE TANK, A HANDFUL OF MEN, AND YANKEE INGENUITY THEY PROVED THAT THE MEN OF THE TANK CORPS WERE REALLY.....

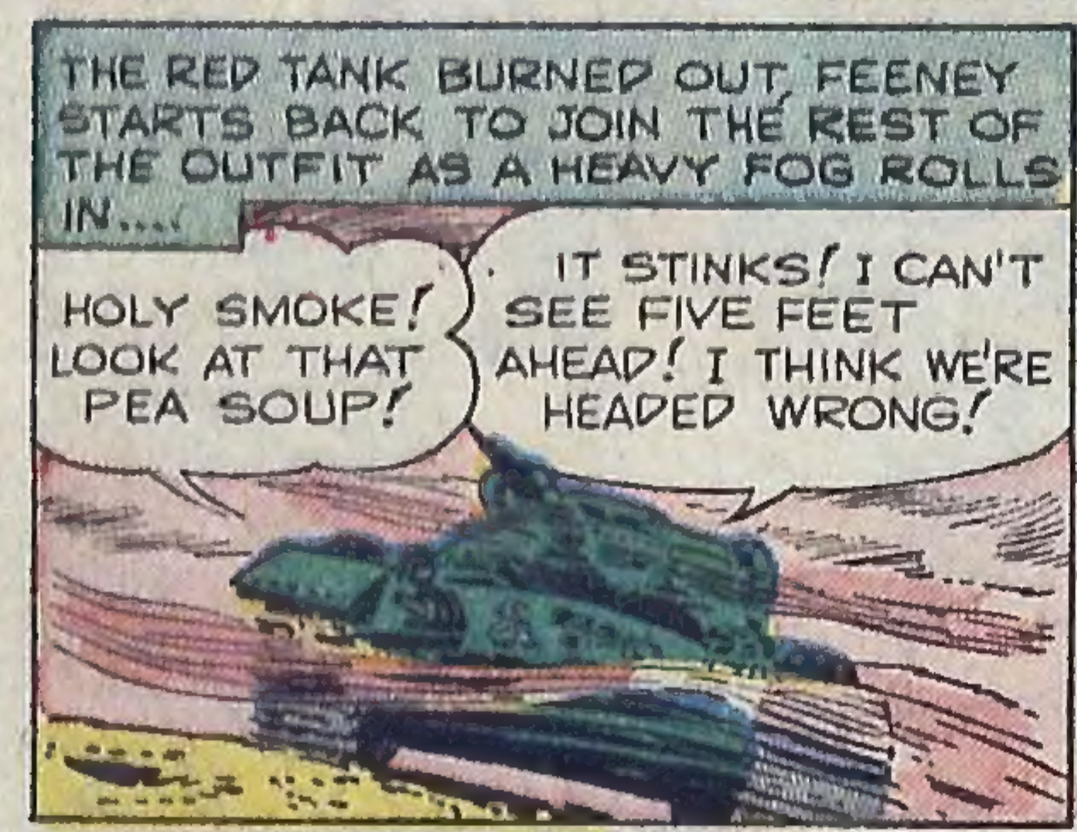
HELL IN COMBAT!



AN INSTANT LATER THE HUGE FORT ON WHEELS IS IN PURSUIT OF THE RED TANK!
THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE TOP OF THE RIDGE. TAKE A TURN HERE AND WE'LL HEAD THEM OFF AT THE PASS!
CHECK!

HOLY SMOKE! THAT WAS CLOSE! IF ONE OF THOSE THINGS HITS US-- THERE'LL BE BAKED TANKER TONIGHT!
SHUT UP AND KEEP ROLLING!


FEENEY'S IDEA WORKS. AS THE RED TANK COMES THROUGH THE PASS ON THE TOP OF THE RIDGE....
GOT 'EM! THAT'S ONE THAT AIN'T GOIN' TO DO ANY MORE BLASTIN'!
OKAY! BACK HER UP AND LET'S GO BACK!


THE RED TANK BURNED OUT, FEENEY STARTS BACK TO JOIN THE REST OF THE OUTFIT AS A HEAVY FOG ROLLS IN....
HOLY SMOKE! LOOK AT THAT PEA SOUP!
IT STINKS! I CAN'T SEE FIVE FEET AHEAD! I THINK WE'RE HEADED WRONG!

MAYBE, BUT WE CAN'T RISK STOPPING HERE. KEEP HER GOIN'!
SURE, SARGE... I'LL KEEP HER GOIN'...ONLY I WISH I KNEW WHERE THE ROAD WAS!

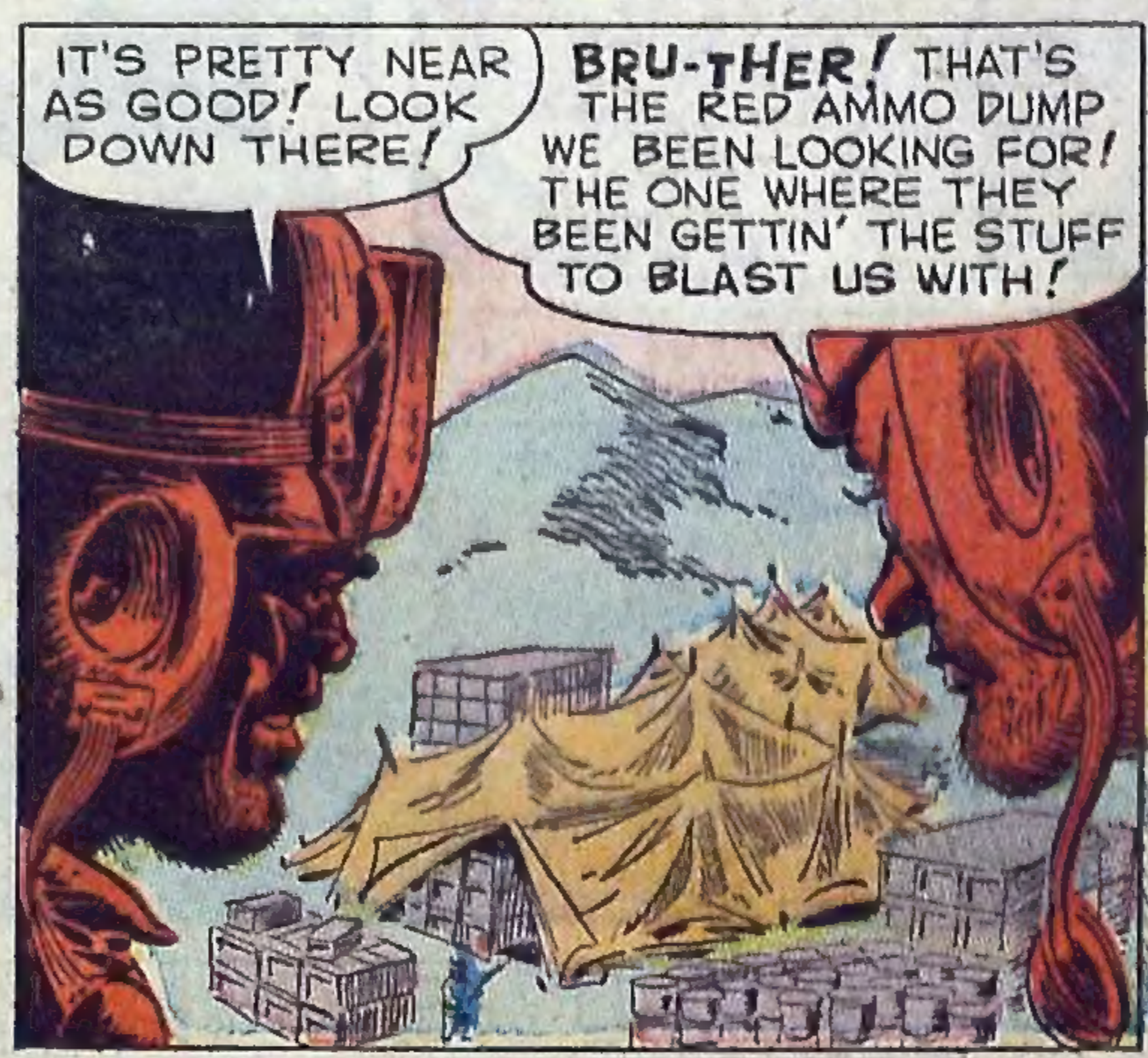
AN HOUR LATER...
SARGE, WE'RE PLAIN LOST! HOW ARE WE GOIN' TO GET OUT OF THIS?
I'LL ASK THE NEAREST TRAFFIC COP!
SHUT UP AND LET ME THINK!

GEE WHIZZ, I WAS ONLY ASKIN'.... WHAT ARE YOU GOIN' TO DO?
I'LL TELL YOU! YOU AND SCHWARTZ MAKE LIKE A PATROL, AND SCOUT THE AREA... LENEVITCH, YOU GO UP THE ROAD AND STAND GUARD!

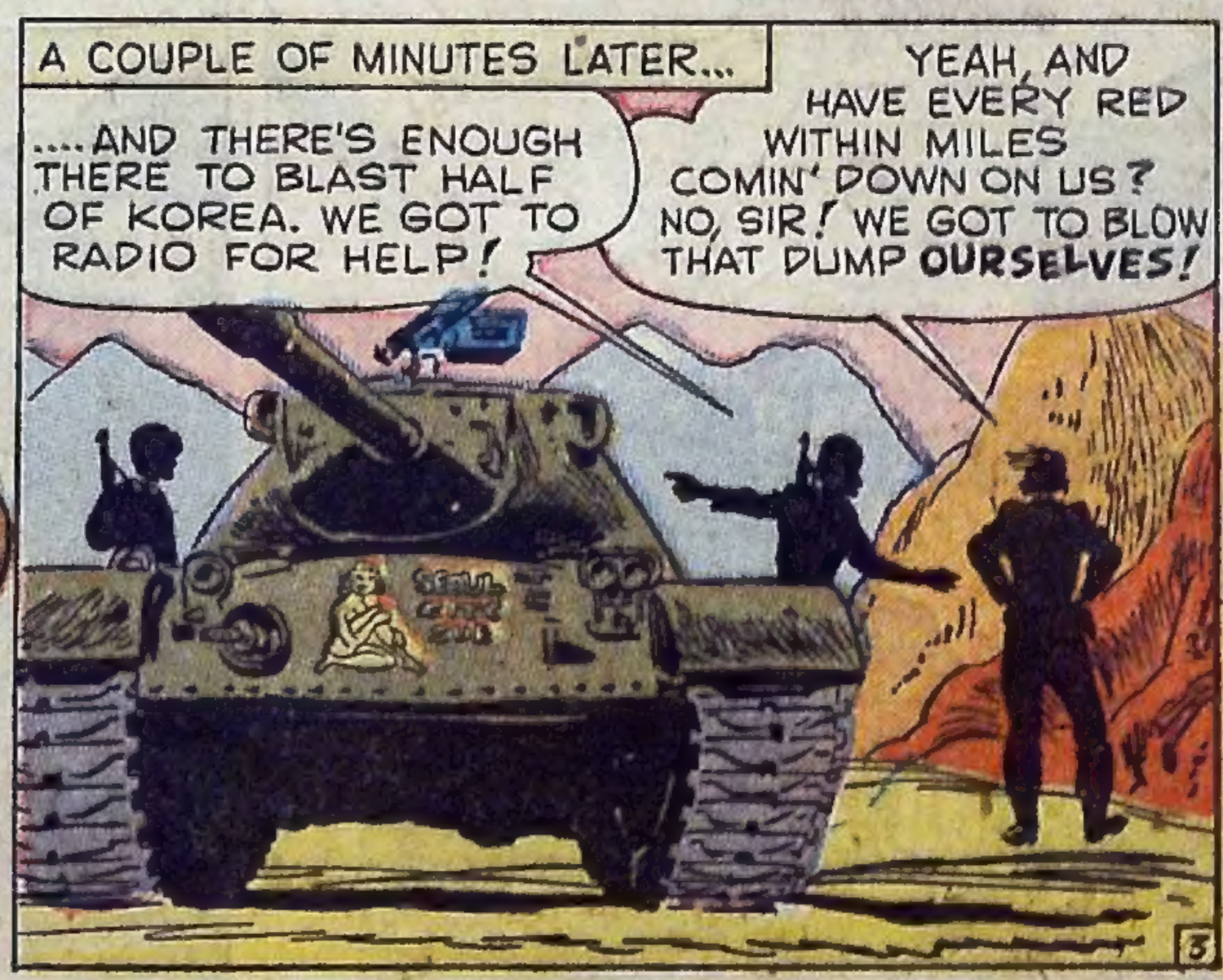
THE TWO MEN WORK THEIR WAY UP A LOFTY CRAG AS THE FOG BREAKS.....
WHAT DOES FEENEY EXPECT TO FIND, A FILLIN' STATION?
AW, CUT THE GRIPIN'!

COME ON. WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO SEE HALF OF NORTH KOREA FROM UP HERE.
I'M COMIN'! I'M COMIN'! I DIDN'T SIGN UP TO BE NO MOUNTAIN GOAT.... I JUST KNOW HOW TO RIDE TANKS!

FROM THE ROCK THE TWO MAKE A DISCOVERY THAT SENDS A THRILL OF EXCITEMENT THROUGH THEM....
HOLY JUMPIN' JERUSALUM! GET A LOAD OF THIS, PETE!
HUH? WHAT'S DOWN THERE, MARILYN MONROE?


IT'S PRETTY NEAR AS GOOD! LOOK DOWN THERE!
BRU-THER! THAT'S THE RED AMMO DUMP WE BEEN LOOKING FOR! THE ONE WHERE THEY BEEN GETTIN' THE STUFF TO BLAST US WITH!

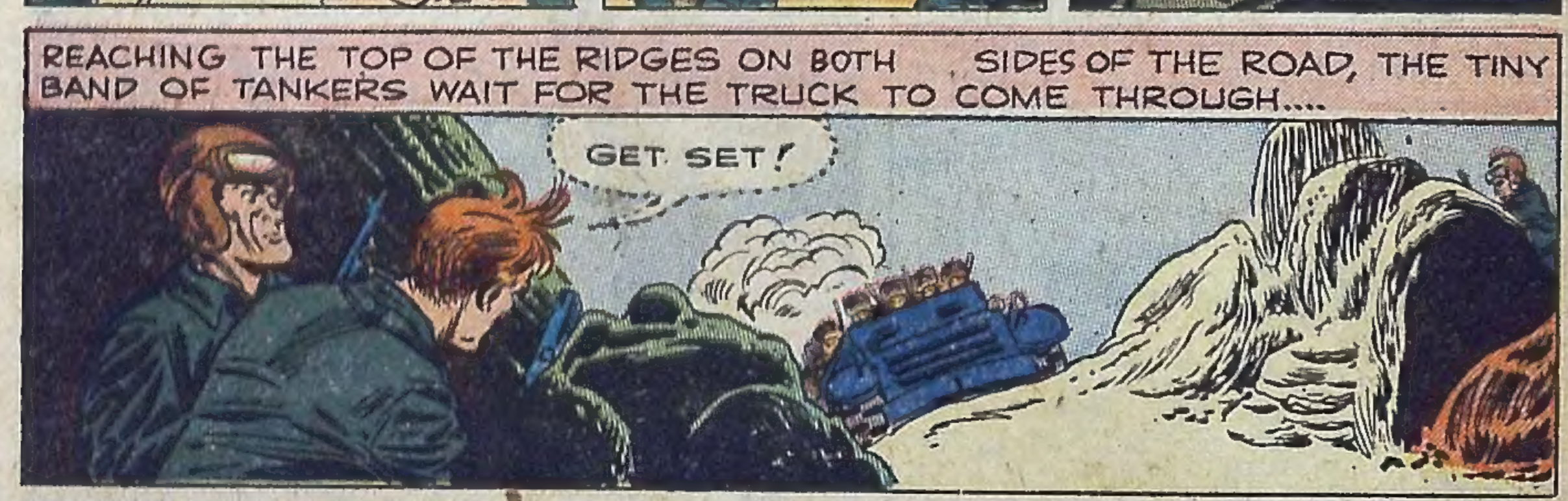
WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
WE BETTER GET BACK AND TELL FEENEY. WE GOT TO LET HEADQUARTERS KNOW ABOUT THIS... FAST!


A COUPLE OF MINUTES LATER...
....AND THERE'S ENOUGH THERE TO BLAST HALF OF KOREA. WE GOT TO RADIO FOR HELP!
YEAH, AND HAVE EVERY RED WITHIN MILES COMIN' DOWN ON US? NO, SIR! WE GOT TO BLOW THAT DUMP OURSELVES!

YOU'RE NUTS, SARGE! HOW ARE WE GOIN' TO BLOW UP A DUMP THAT BIG?
I DON'T KNOW RIGHT NOW... I GOT TO THINK!
SARGE! SARGE! THERE'S A RED WEAPONS CARRIER COMIN' UP THE ROAD, AND IT'S LOADED WITH COMMIES!

IF THEY CATCH US, WE'RE THROUGH! WE GOT TO CATCH THEM! HERE'S WHAT WE'RE GOIN' TO DO.... YOU THREE GET UP ONE SIDE OF THE ROAD, AND WE'LL TAKE THE OTHER... WHEN THEY COME BY...
...WE GIVE 'EM A TASTE OF INJUN WARFARE! I GETCHA, SARGE!

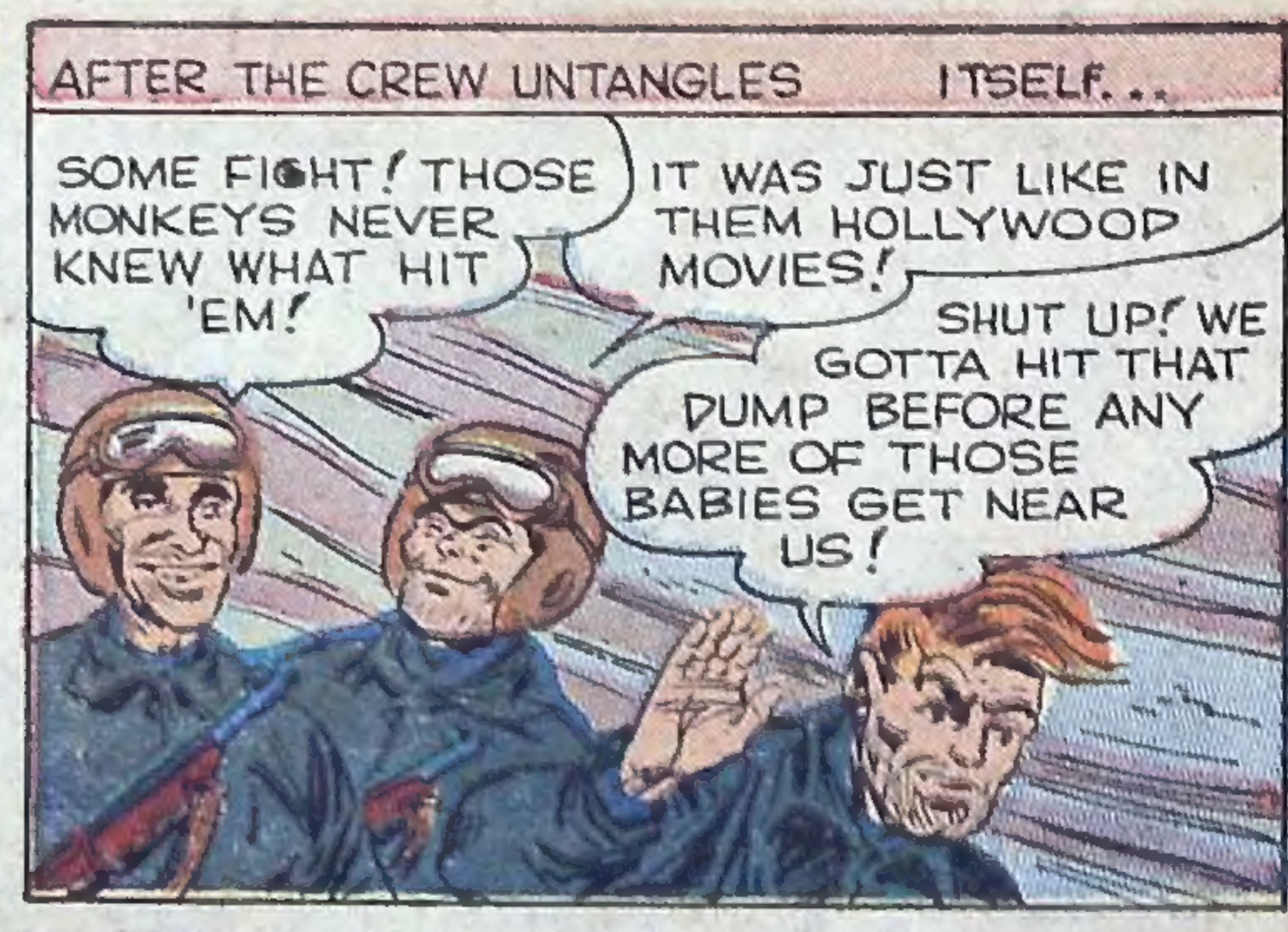
THEN SNAP INTO IT...THERE AIN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE...I CAN HEAR THEIR MOTOR!
WELL, THEY AIN'T GETTIN' PAST THE CREW OF OL' SEOUL CITY SUE!

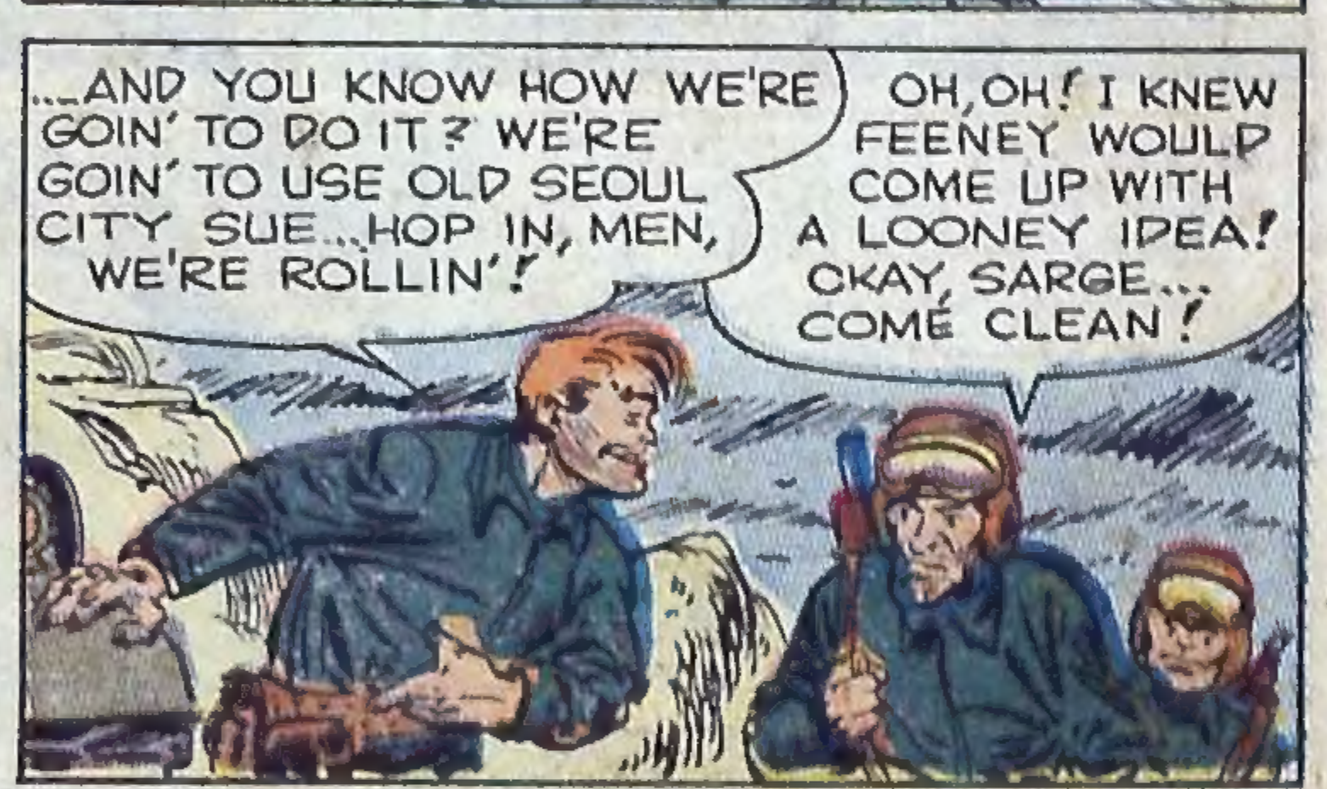

REACHING THE TOP OF THE RIDGES ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ROAD, THE TINY BAND OF TANKERS WAIT FOR THE TRUCK TO COME THROUGH....
GET SET!

SECONDS LATER...
NOW!
AYEEEHAAA!
GET 'EM ALL!
HELP!

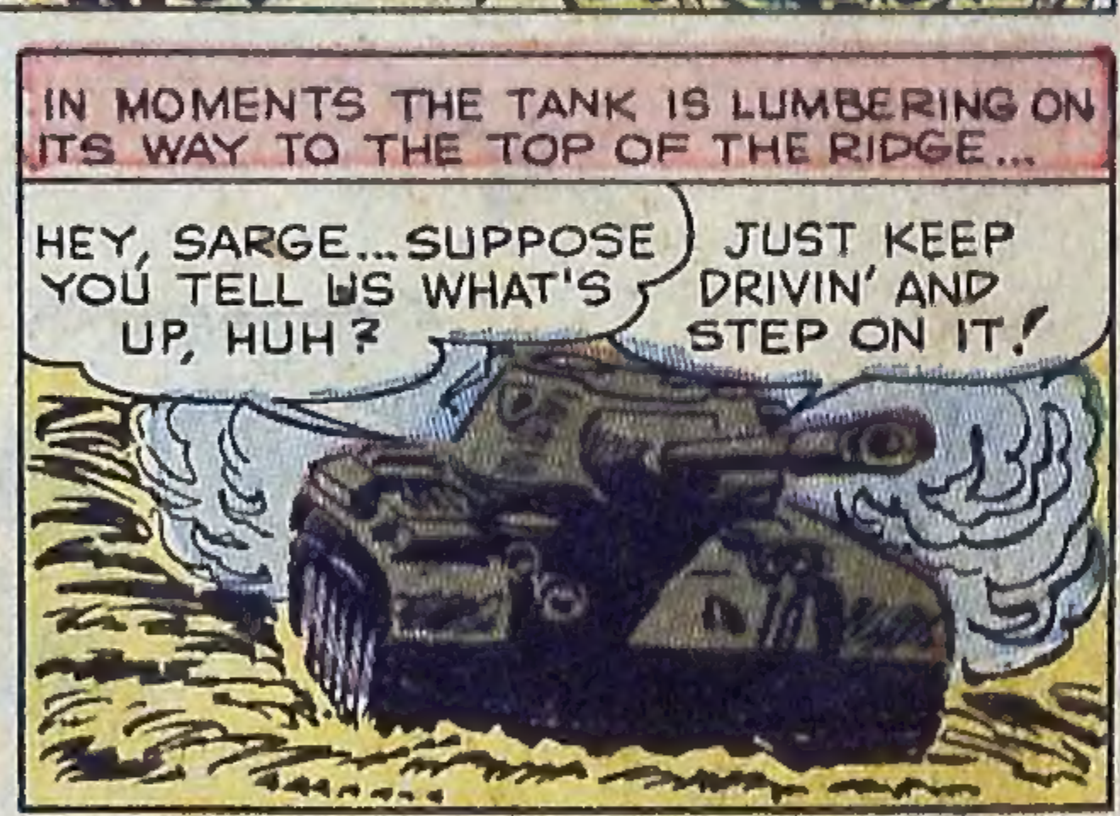
MOVE OVER, CHUM! YOUR LICENSE AIN'T GOOD AROUND HERE!
OHHHHHH!

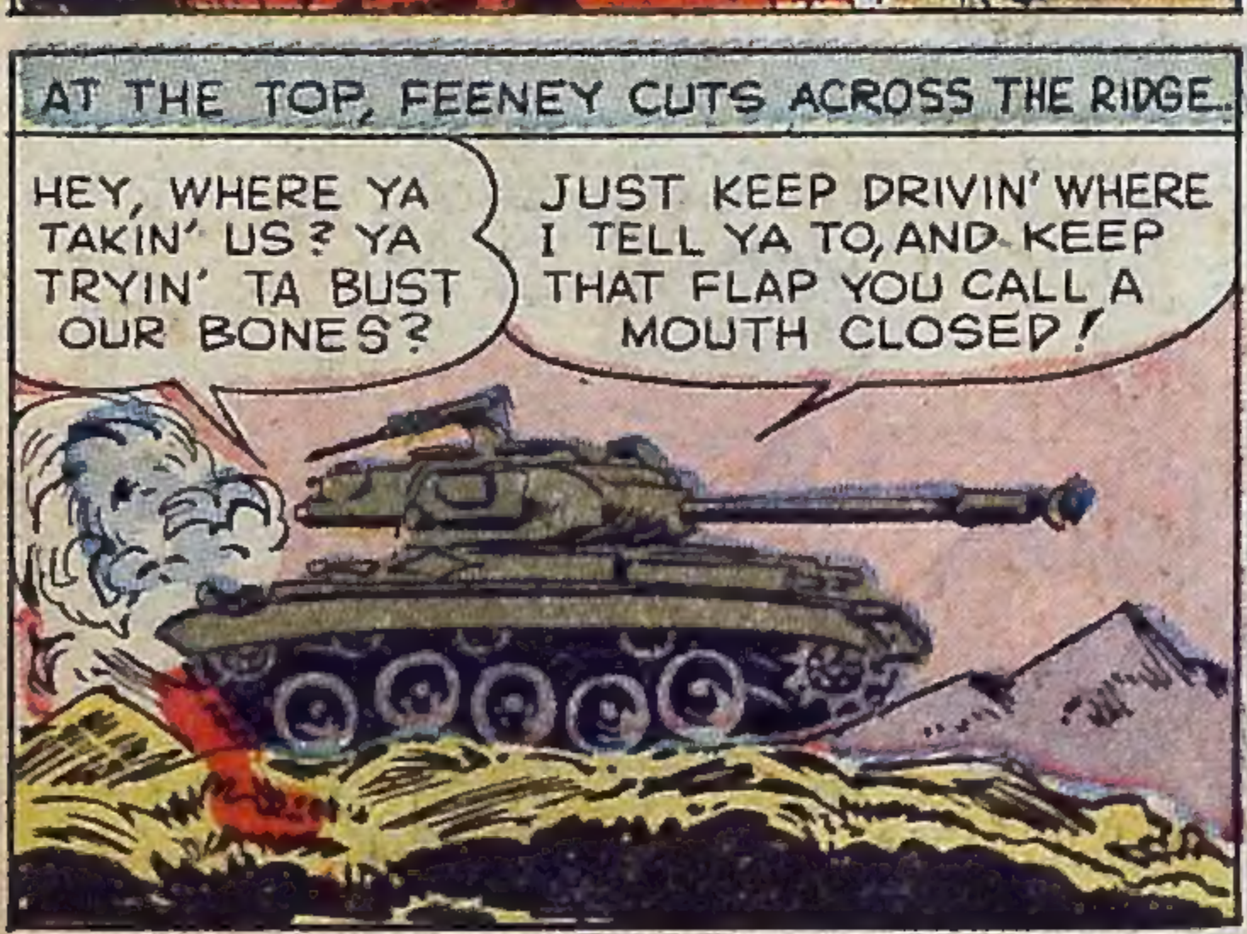
WHAM
HANG ON!
AIEEEE
LOOK OUT!

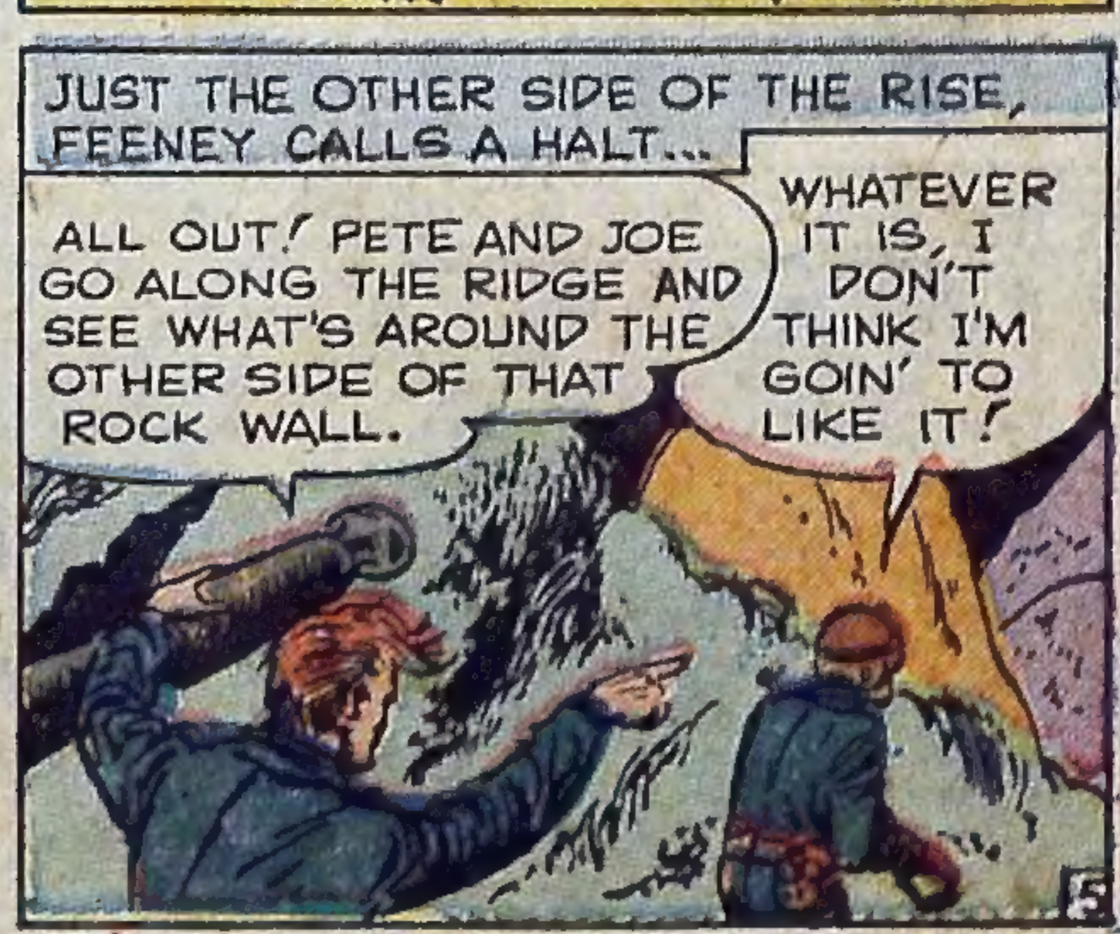

AFTER THE CREW UNTANGLES ITSELF...
SOME FIGHT! THOSE MONKEYS NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT 'EM!
IT WAS JUST LIKE IN THEM HOLLYWOOD MOVIES!
SHUT UP! WE GOTTA HIT THAT DUMP BEFORE ANY MORE OF THOSE BABIES GET NEAR US!


...AND YOU KNOW HOW WE'RE GOIN' TO DO IT? WE'RE GOIN' TO USE OLD SEOUL CITY SUE...HOP IN, MEN, WE'RE ROLLIN'!
OH, OH! I KNEW FEENEY WOULD COME UP WITH A LOONEY IDEA! OKAY, SARGE... COME CLEAN!

I'LL TELL YOU AS WE ROLL ALONG. JUST GET IN AND GET GOIN'! COME ON, GET THE LEAD OUT!
OKAY, OKAY! I HEARD YA! WHAT DO YA THINK THIS IS, MORNIN' DRILL?


IN MOMENTS THE TANK IS LUMBERING ON ITS WAY TO THE TOP OF THE RIDGE...
HEY, SARGE...SUPPOSE YOU TELL US WHAT'S UP, HUH?
JUST KEEP DRIVIN' AND STEP ON IT!


AT THE TOP, FEENEY CUTS ACROSS THE RIDGE.
HEY, WHERE YA TAKIN' US? YA TRYIN' TA BUST OUR BONES?
JUST KEEP DRIVIN' WHERE I TELL YA TO, AND KEEP THAT FLAP YOU CALL A MOUTH CLOSED!


JUST THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RISE, FEENEY CALLS A HALT...
ALL OUT! PETE AND JOE GO ALONG THE RIDGE AND SEE WHAT'S AROUND THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT ROCK WALL.
WHATEVER IT IS, I DON'T THINK I'M GOIN' TO LIKE IT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER AS THE TWO CAUTIOUSLY EXPLORE THE WAY AHEAD OF THE TANK....

BOY, THAT FEENEY...HE SURE LIKES TO PLAY GENERAL! WHAT'S HE THINK WE'RE GOIN' TO FIND UP HERE ANYWAY?

TURN IT OFF, JOE, AND LOOK AROUND THIS ROCK!

ULP! ONE MORE STEP AND WE'D HAVE WALKED RIGHT INTO IT!

YEAH...HEY, IF WE GET OVER THESE ROCKS WE CAN SNEAK DOWN ON TOP OF IT WITHOUT THEM BEIN' ABLE TO SEE US!

THEY WON'T BE EXPECTING ONLY TWO GUYS. THEY'RE LOOKIN' FOR A REAL ATTACK!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, PAL...BECAUSE IF YOU AIN'T...WELL...YOU WON'T HAVE TO PAY ME THE TWO BUCKS YOU OWE ME!

THE TWO MAKE THE TOP OF THE EMPLACEMENT AND WORM THEIR WAY OVER THE GUN SLOTS...THEN...

I'LL COUNT THREE--AND THEN WE LET 'EM HAVE IT TOGETHER!

OKAY...ONLY BE A LITTLE MORE QUIET, WILL YA?

GIVE IT TO 'EM!

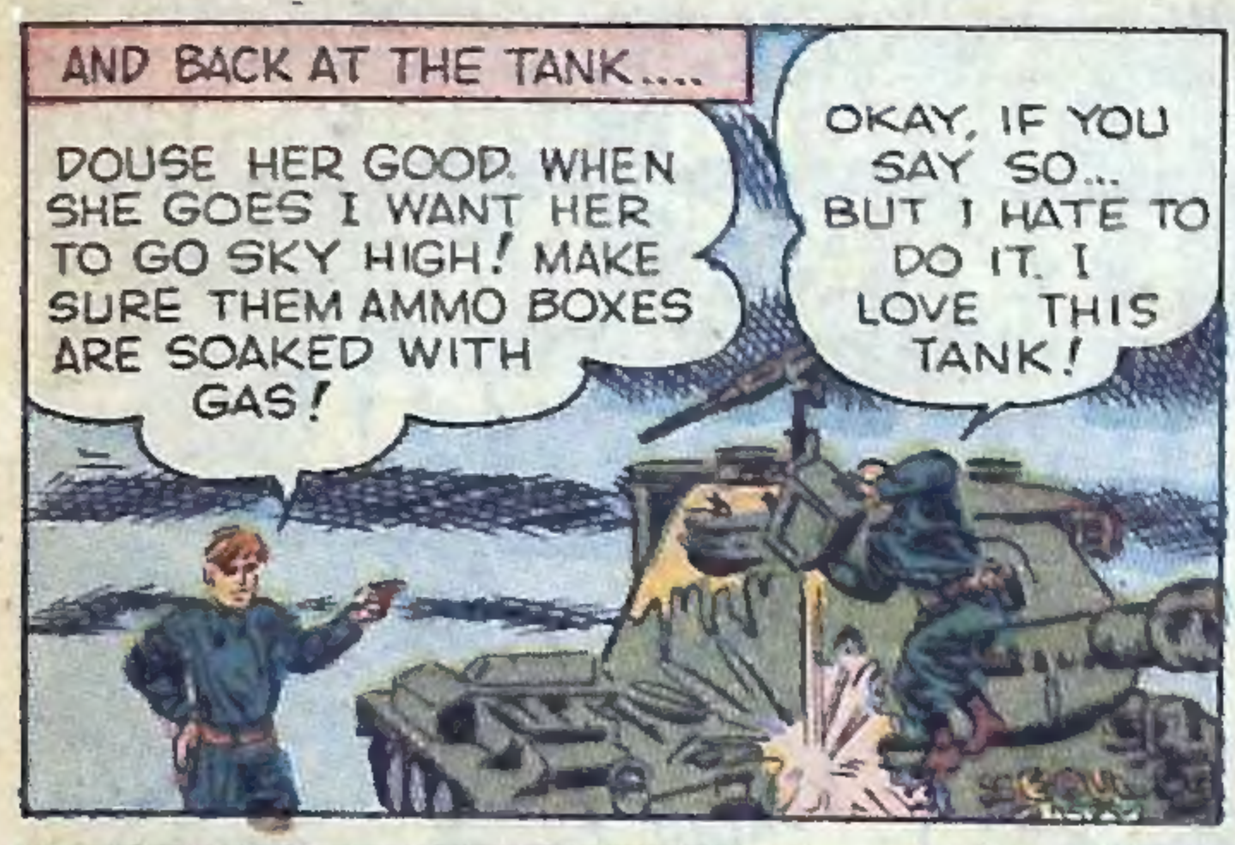
I GOT A FEELING THOSE GUYS ARE ABOUT TO BLOW THEIR STACKS!

?

!

ONE SECOND LATER, THE PILL BOX ERUPTS FLAME AND DEATH....

BAROOOM!


AND BACK AT THE TANK....
DOUSE HER GOOD. WHEN SHE GOES I WANT HER TO GO SKY HIGH! MAKE SURE THEM AMMO BOXES ARE SOAKED WITH GAS!
OKAY, IF YOU SAY SO... BUT I HATE TO DO IT. I LOVE THIS TANK!

THERE WAS A BIG PILL-BOX GUARDING THE ROAD, BUT IT AIN'T NO MORE!
GOOD! THEN LET'S ROLL. INSIDE, YOU GUYS!

AS THEY ROLLED TOWARD THE EDGE OF THE RIDGE, THEY SET HER AFIRE AND JUMPED!
JUMP!
SO LONG, BABY!

AT THE EDGE THE TANK PAUSED, AND THEN WENT OVER LIKE A FLAMING MONSTER!
LOOK AT THAT!
IT BETTER WORK, OR WE CAN TURN IN OUR DOGTAGS RIGHT NOW!

AND WORK IT DID! AS THE TANK CRASHED IN THE DUMP BELOW, IT WENT UP IN ONE COLOSSAL BLAST!
WHAROOM

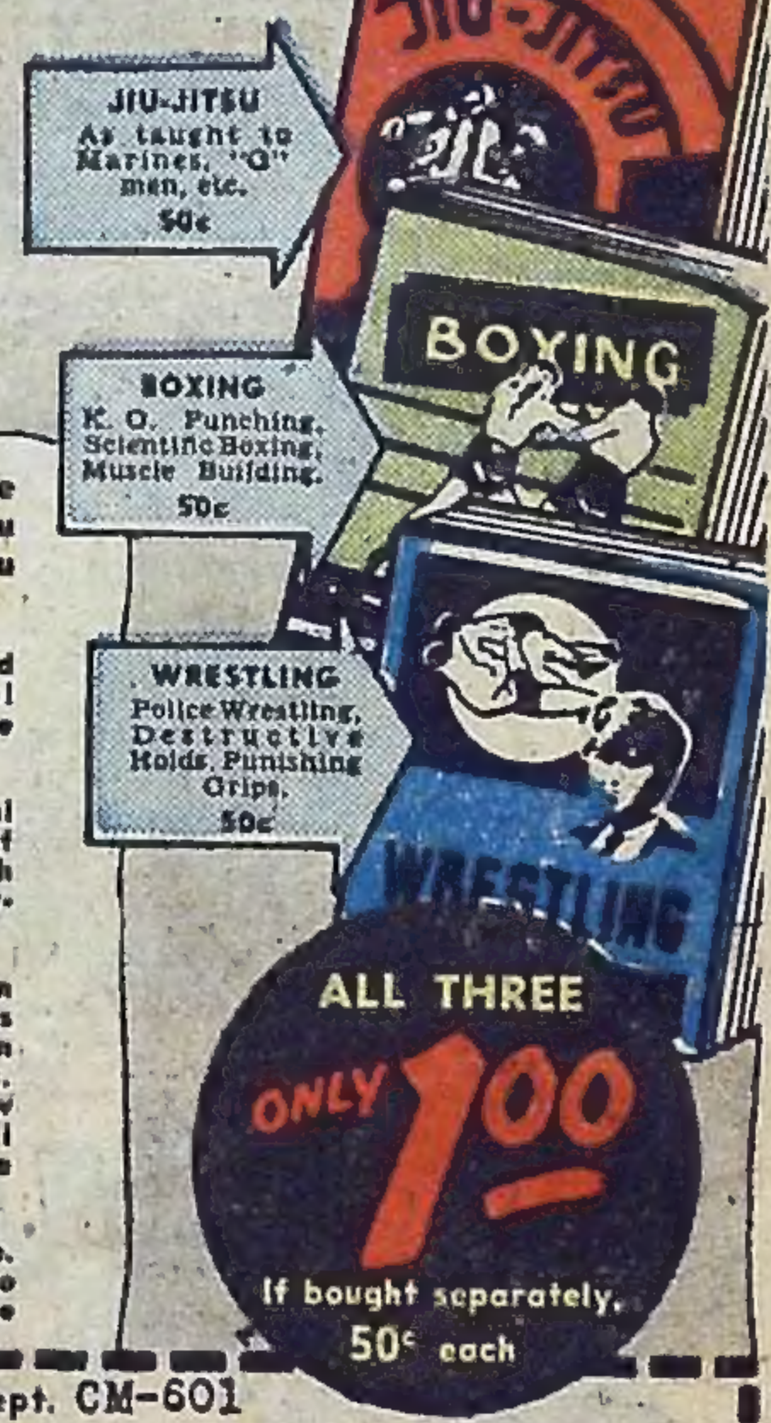
SIX DAYS LATER, A TIRED CREW REACHED U.S. HEADQUARTERS WHERE THEY WERE CITED ON THE SPOT....
YOU HAVE ALL BEEN AWARDED THE SILVER STAR FOR EXTRA-ORDINARY BRAVERY IN ACTION...AND ON THE RE-COMMENDATION OF YOUR COMMANDING OFFICER, A TEN DAY FURLOUGH IN TOKYO. CONGRATULATIONS, MEN!

When You Have To Defend Yourself Do What The EXPERTS Do! *USE THEIR* 3-POWER SYSTEM

OVERCOME ANY ENEMY

No matter how big he is or how small you are!

Now! **Discover from experts this quick way to defend yourself — anywhere — anytime!**



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DO YOU ENVY MEN who can 'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?

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DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

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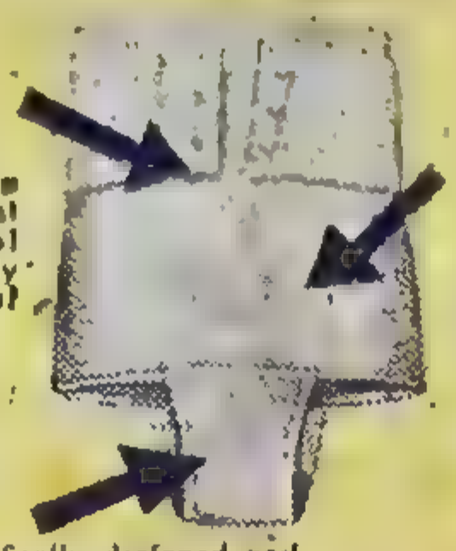
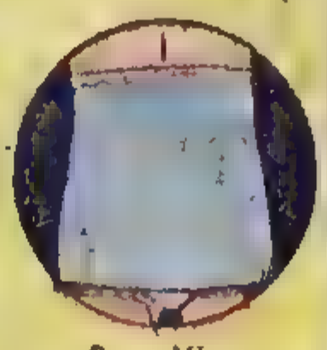
Why go on day after day with an "old-man's" mid-section bulge . . . or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in . . . flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!



FRONT ADJUSTMENT
Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to you! greatest comfort!

TWO-WAY S-T-R-E-T-C-H WONDER CLOTH
Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen, yet it s-t-r-e-t-c-h e-s as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

DETACHABLE POUCH
Air-cooled! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection!



Rear View
FITS SNUG AT SMALL of BACK
Firm, comfortable support. Feels good!

Healthful, Enjoyable Abdominal Control

It's great! You can wear "Chevalier" all day long. Will not bind or make you feel constricted. That's because the two-way s-t-r-e-t-c-h cloth plus the front adjustment bring you *personalized* fit. The "Chevalier" is designed according to scientific facts of healthful posture control. It's made by experts to give you the comfort and healthful "lift" you want. Just see all the wonderful features below. And remember—you can get the "Chevalier" on FREE TRIAL. Mail the coupon *right now!*

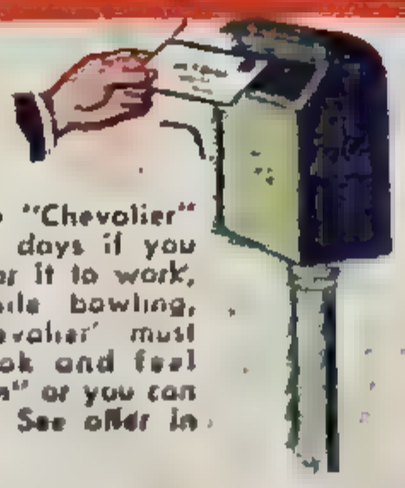
FREE Extra Pouch. The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch. Limited offer. Order yours today.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

1. You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc. — and mail TODAY!

2. Try on the "Chevalier". Adjust belt the way you want. See how your bulging "bay window" looks streamlined . . . how comfortable you feel. How good it is!

3. Wear the "Chevalier" for 10 whole days if you want to! Wear it to work, evenings, while bowling, etc. The Chevalier' must help you look and feel "like a million" or you can send it back! See offer in coupon!



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My waist measure is _____
(Send string the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy)

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☐ *Save 65c postage. We pay postage if you enclose payment now. Same Free Trial and refund privilege.*

CAPTAIN WILKES

THE PRESSURE WAS ON! SLOWLY BUT WITHOUT LET UP, THE RED FORCES HAMMERED AWAY AT THE ISOLATED AMERICAN UNIT! ANNIHILATION TO ALL THE YANKEE 'DOGS' WAS THE STAND BY ORDER OF THE RED COMMANDER, AND SO IT REMAINED FOR A LONE AMERICAN TANK TO STEM THE TIDE -- TO PIT ITS SINGLE STRENGTH AGAINST THE FOE AND THE INEVITABLE ....

BREAK THROUGH

WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT, CAPTAIN! THEY'RE POURIN' IT ON FROM ALL SIDES!

IT'S A CHANCE WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE, SERGEANT -- BUT WE'RE GOING ***THROUGH!***

IT CAME WITHOUT WARNING! FIRST THERE WAS SILENCE, AND A MOMENT LATER THE KOREAN DAWN WAS SHATTERED BY THE CRIMSON FLASH OF RED ARTILLERY!

THEY'VE CAUGHT US FLAT-FOOTED, BARNEY! WITH THESE MOUNTAINS BEHIND US, WE'RE ***REALLY*** BOXED IN!

STOP WORRYIN' ABOUT WHAT'S BEHIND US! IT'S THE REDS UP AHEAD ***I'M*** THINKIN' ABOUT!

KRUMP KARUMP

KAPOW

POW

HERE THEY COME!

WITH HOARSE CRIES AND PIERCING YELLS, THE FIRST WAVE OF ATTACKING REDS SWOOPED FORWARD ACROSS THE SMOKE-SWEPT TERRAIN!

KILL YANKEE DOGS!

KILL KILL KILL

OKAY, YOU MONKEYS! TRY THIS FOR SIZE!

BAROOM

WHOOOSH

POW

BRRRRT

BRRRRRT

POW

IN QUICK RETALIATION, THE G.I.'S POURED ON AN ENFILADING FIRE THAT RAKED THE SURGING REDS WITH DEVASTATING FURY.....

SAVE YOUR AMMO, FELLAS! THEY'RE RUNNIN' FASTER THAN A PACK O' SCARED RABBITS!

HOW 'BOUT THAT, LIEUTENANT?

THAT'S ONLY THE FIRST WAVE, LARSON! THEY OUTNUMBER US FIVE TO ONE, AND THEY KNOW IT! THEY'LL BE BACK, AND UNLESS WE GET HELP SOON -- WE'RE IN TROUBLE!

HOW DOES IT GO, KELLER? CAN YOU GET H.Q.?

THEY DON'T READ ME, SIR! GUESS THE SIGNAL IS PRETTY WEAK, BUT I'M TRYING! WITH LUCK IT MIGHT BE PICKED UP BY SOMEBODY IN THE SECTOR!

AND LUCK WAS WITH THEM! THE WEAK SIGNAL SPLUTTERED FAINTLY, ALMOST DIED AWAY, BUT THE MESSAGE WAS HEARD BY AN ALERT TANK SERGEANT!

IT'S CHARLIE COMPANY, CAPTAIN WILKES! THEY'RE FACING A RED STEAM-ROLLER! THEY NEED HELP DESPERATELY!

PLOT THAT SIGNAL AND LOCATE THEIR POSITIONS! WE'RE ONLY ONE TANK, FENNER -- BUT WE'LL DO OUR BLASTED BEST!

THE HUGE TANK SPED FORWARD! STEEL TREADS DUG INTO THE LOAM -- A FORBIDDING MONSTER OF ENORMOUS STRENGTH, IT HASTENED TOWARD ITS OBJECTIVE - THEN, SUDDENLY..

HOLD UP, FENNER!

WHA-? YES SIR!

AND WHEN THE TANK GROUND TO A HALT...

HERE'S SOMETHING FISHY, SERGEANT! LOOK AT THAT GRASS! IT'S MATTED AND CRUSHED! AND NOTICE THOSE CLODS OF EARTH! SOMETHING'S GONE OVER IT!

SOMETHING BIG, SIR -- LIKE A TANK!

BUT WHY WOULD A TANK CROSS AN OPEN FIELD? IT'S TOO MUCH OF A TARGET! IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

SENSE OR NOT -- WAIT A MINUTE! THAT FARMHOUSE!

THEN, BEFORE THEIR STARTLED EYES, THE SEEMINGLY DESERTED FARMHOUSE SWUNG OPEN TO REVEAL ....

DOWN, FENNER! IT'S A RED T-34!

IN A THUNDEROUS CHARGE, THE RED TANK CLOSED IN!

BLAM POW KRUMP

HE'S OUT OF RANGE! HOLD FIRE UNTIL I GIVE THE SIGNAL!

BAROOM BLAM BOOM

BOOM KAPOW POW

NOW!

BOOM BAROOM

BAM

THE SMASHED MONSTER A MASS OF FLAMES, THE TANK COMMANDOS RACED ON ONCE AGAIN!

WE BAGGED 'EM PRETTY NEAT, CAPTAIN!

BUT WE'VE LOST TIME, FENNER -- PRECIOUS TIME! LIVES ARE DEPENDING ON US!

BUT WHILE THE LONE AMERICAN TANK SPED TO THE AID OF ITS BELEAGUERED COMRADES, NEW DEVELOPMENTS WERE TAKING PLACE AT THE RED LINES ...

THE YANKEE DOGS HAVE TURNED BACK OUR THIRD WAVE, COLONEL WU! THEY FIGHT LIKE WILD BULLS!

THEN WE WILL HURL A FOURTH WAVE! A *FIFTH*, IF NEED BE! LOSSES MEAN LITTLE, SO LONG AS *WE* ARE *VICTORIOUS!*

THEN I WILL ORDER A FOURTH ASSAULT!

WAIT! I HAVE A BETTER PLAN!

WE WILL PUT PLAN NUMBER FOUR INTO EFFECT! IT WILL BE A GREAT *SURPRISE*. AND I WILL LEAD THE MEN, AS WELL!

UNDER YOUR GREAT LEADERSHIP-- THE AMERICANS ARE AS GOOD AS DEAD! I WILL GO NOW AND PREPARE THE MEN!

AND AT THE AMERICAN LINES...

THAT FOURTH ATTACK ISN'T SHAPING UP, SIR! THERE'S NOTHIN' DOIN' OUT THERE! DO YOU THINK THEY'VE CALLED IT OFF?

HARDLY! THEY'RE UP TO NO GOOD! I CAN FEEL IT IN MY BONES!

IF THERE WERE HELP ON THE WAY, I'D FEEL A LOT BETTER! AS IT IS, WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE OUR CHANCES!

WE'LL MAKE A GOOD SHOWIN', LIEUTENANT! THAT'S FOR SURE!

MEANWHILE, COLONEL WU PROCEEDED WITH PLAN FOUR-- AN ENCIRCLING MANEUVER THAT WOULD BRING THEM TO THE REAR OF THE AMERICAN LINES!

WHEN WE COME TO THE END OF THE PASS, I WILL GIVE THE SIGNAL TO ATTACK! EACH MAN WILL DO HIS UTMOST! AND REMEMBER, WE WILL TAKE NO PRISONERS!

NATURALLY! PRISONERS ARE A BOTHER, AND THEY EAT TOO MUCH!

BUT A THIRD ELEMENT HAD TO BE RECKONED WITH, AND THAT WAS THE TANK! FORTUNATELY, COLONEL WU HAD NO KNOWLEDGE OF ITS EXISTANCE!

ACCORDING TO MY PLOTTING, OUR BOYS SHOULD BE ON THIS SIDE OF THAT CANYON! I THINK WE... **WAIT!** THAT LOOKS LIKE ONE OF OUR RECON PLANES!

YEAH! BETTER TRY CONTACTING THAT FLYBOY, FENNER! HE CAN SEE A LOT MORE FROM HIS PERCH THAN WE CAN!

IRON EAGLE TO RED FOX! WHAT DO YOU SEE? ACKNOWLEDGE, PLEASE!

PLENTY! STRONG RED BODY MOVING THROUGH CANYON! THEY'RE THICKER'N FLEAS ON A STRAY MUTT! LOOKS LIKE AN AMBUSH! I'LL STAND BY!

YOU HEARD 'IM, CAPTAIN! WHAT'LL WE DO? WE'RE ONLY ONE TANK!

ONE TANK IS STILL BETTER THAN NO TANK! ANYWAY, WE'RE GOING TO MAKE A GOOD TRY!

CAPTAIN WILKES PULLED OUT ALL THE STOPS, AND THE TANK BURST FORWARD WITH NEW-FOUND SPEED! THEN WU SPOTTED IT....

AN AMERICAN TANK! **HURRY!** THROUGH THE EXIT!

THE TANK IS A DEVIL, MY COLONEL! LET US GO BACK!

NEVER! WE WILL STILL DESTROY THEM! ON! **ON!**

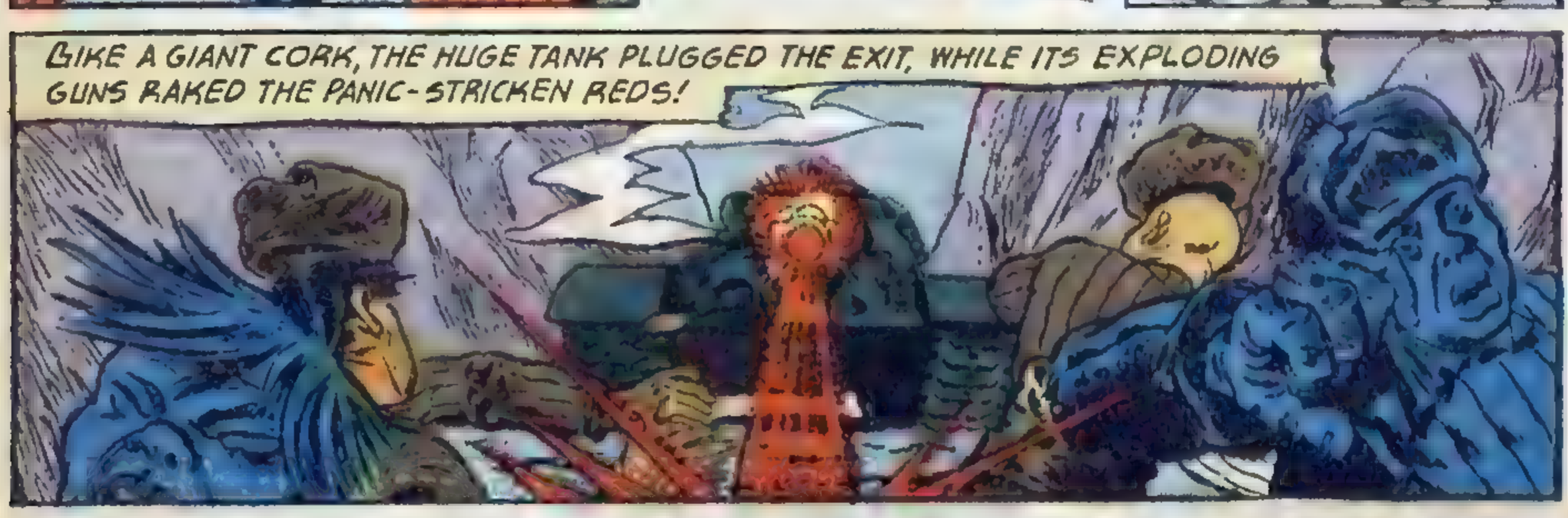
WE'RE ALMOST THERE, SIR! SHALL I CUT DOWN THE SPEED?

NO, SERGEANT! WE'RE **GOING THROUGH!**

DEFTLY MANEUVERED, THE HUGE TANK THUNDERED INTO THE NARROW PASS...
COWARDS! PIGS! WHY DO YOU HOLD BACK! WU IS NOT AFRAID! HE WILL DESTROY IT!

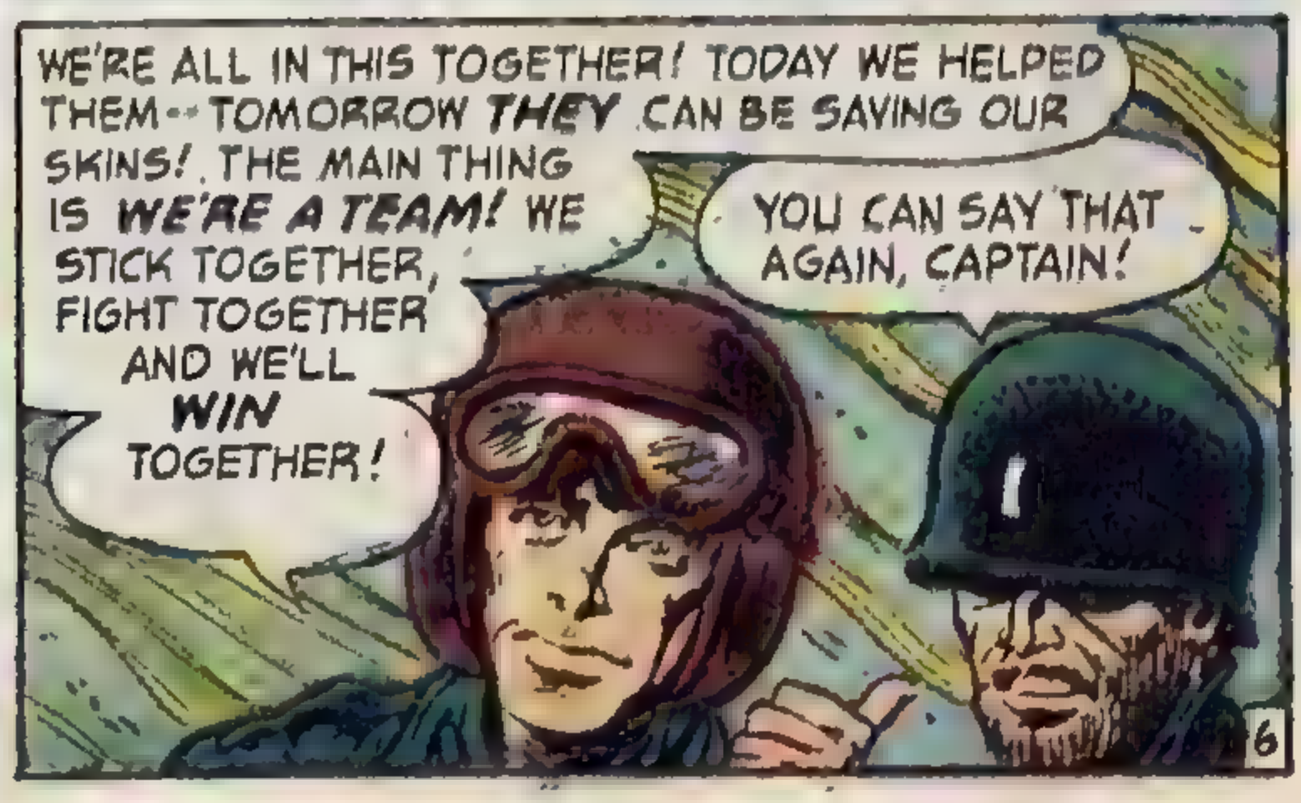
LOOK! I WILL PROVE... N-NO!
NO!

GAAAA


LIKE A GIANT CORK, THE HUGE TANK PLUGGED THE EXIT, WHILE ITS EXPLODING GUNS RAKED THE PANIC-STRICKEN REDS!

IT'S OVER, CAPTAIN! THEY WERE BOTTLED UP IN THEIR OWN TRAP!

AND HERE COME THE DOUGHFEET! THEY SURE OWE YOU A BILL OF THANKS!
NOTHING LIKE THAT, SERGEANT!


WE'RE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER! TODAY WE HELPED THEM--TOMORROW THEY CAN BE SAVING OUR SKINS! THE MAIN THING IS WE'RE A TEAM! WE STICK TOGETHER, FIGHT TOGETHER AND WE'LL WIN TOGETHER!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, CAPTAIN!

BOOGIE-WOOGIE BUGLER--OF DEATH!

Sam Jackson looked at his foxhole buddy, his long, sad face drooping mournfully. "I'm a musician, I tell you!" he said again. "There's been a sad, sad mistake. Last week I was playing horn for the 144th Regimental Band, and now here I am with a gun! They'll regret sendin' me to the front. I'm of more use playin' trumpet!"

The other G.I. showed momentary interest. "Yuh mean yuh never had basic trainin'?" he asked.

"Oh, I went through basic," Sam said, "but—"

"Then what're yuh kickin' about?" the G. I. growled. "They showed yuh how tuh take care of yuhself — so start takin' care of yuhself!"

Sam started to reply sarcastically, but an artillery shell came whining overhead with express-train speed, and when it CAARRUMMPed just beyond them, and the rivulets of blasted dirt poured into their foxhole, neither felt like talking much...

Sam had slept surprisingly well; in fact he had been sound asleep when the attack sounded. His foxhole buddy had shaken him roughly by the shoulder.

"Hey, maestro, wake up," he growled. "We got some Red visitors, un' we gotta play 'em a serenade! Try playin' this!" And he had shoved Sam's M-1 into his hands.

Blind panic had swept the sleep from Sam's eyes. And then he had reached into his pack and had felt the cool smoothness of the trumpet he carried there, and he had calmed down. He pulled the horn from the pack; it glinted up at him in the moonlight like an old friend. The air overhead began to hum and buzz with dozens of little insects of death that flew too fast to be followed by the human eye.

Sam thought of what a steel-jacketed rifle cartridge could do to the lovely metal curve of his horn, and he grew cold all over. He hugged the trumpet to his breast and lay in the foxhole, ignoring the M-1 that lay untended just inches away from him.

Soon the firing stopped; his foxhole buddy returned and looked at him with contempt in his eyes.

"The rest of us are fightin' a war," he said, "an' you lie here thinkin' about chamber music!"

Sam said nothing. There was a glob of mud on the trumpet; he wiped it off and rubbed the instrument with an oiled rag he had been given to keep his rifle clean.

In the morning his spirits rose a little when the sun came up and shone warmly through the grey Korean clouds. He decided to practice, and blew a few riffs. But he just couldn't work up the right mood for the hot stuff, so he started in on the blues, mean and lowdown, just the way he felt. But just as he was mellowing out his tones and getting a nice, round, warm sound from the horn, the lieutenant ran by and alerted his platoon.

"Fix bayonets and get ready to move out!" the officer shouted. And Sam, ashamed of his "buck fever" of the night before, jumped to obey. He found himself next to a grizzled old sergeant who was the veteran of three wars. The older man grinned at him sympathetically.

"I noticed that you were a little upset last night, son," he said. "Your first time under fire?"

Sam nodded.

"Don't let it get you down," the sergeant said. "It happens, once in a while. The thing is," he said, nodding at the trumpet which stuck out of the pack on Sam's back, "you just have to realize that you've got a different job, for a while, and settle down to do that job

while you're a G.I. I'll tell you what," he said with a sudden grin that lighted his weather-tanned face, "you stick to me. Maybe I can show you a couple of tricks of the trade!"

And just then the whistle shrilled out, and the long, khaki-clad line of G.I.'s moved out toward the enemy sector.

They shambled along, running slowly through the bright light of early morning. The light disturbed Sam. He had always imagined that the only time troops attacked was under cover of darkness; he felt naked as he ran along — naked and unprotected. Suddenly, from far off to the left came bursts of machine-gun fire. Sam listened to the metallic chatter and looked inquiringly at the sergeant. But the old soldier grinned and shook his head negatively.

"Too far away to bother us any. The mortar squads will shut those babies up before they can do too much harm, anyhow."

And even as the sergeant spoke, Sam could hear the dull booming of exploding mortar shells, and the hard tapping of the machineguns stopped abruptly.

But now they were getting close enough to the enemy line to see the figures of the Chinese Reds as they scurried to and fro preparing to do battle. They looked like ants in their padded grey uniforms, and Sam got the sudden feeling that he could step on them and destroy them as easily as if they really were ants.

They had begun to fire on the U.N. troops, now. The range of their rifles was not great enough to reach the Americans, and Sam watched in fascination as the enemy bullets fell short and kicked up little puffs of bullets in the dirt before them.

And then they had reached the area where the Red bullets *could* reach them, and all around Sam the air began to hum and whine with leaden messengers of death.

Here and there a soldier dropped, stopped by the bullets. The troops began to run more slowly, firing as they ran. They fired until they had no cartridge in their clips, and then they reloaded and pushed on.

Something stung Sam in the shoulder, and he realized that he had been hit. But the bullet had been almost spent when it hit him, and outside of a small annoying pain he did not suffer.

Suddenly the impetus of the U.N. attack began to wane. The soldiers faltered in the face of the withering enemy fire. Here and there on the enemy line small groups of Reds began to advance upon the U.N. attackers. And then Sam saw the sergeant crumple as a bullet cut him down, and everything seemed to swim before Sam's eyes. But he could hear in his mind the sergeant's voice saying, *You've got to realize that you've got a different job to do, an' settle down an' do it.* He reached into his pack and pulled out his trumpet. Then, loud and clear and amazingly sweet, the bugle call for *attack* floated out over the battlefield. Again and again Sam sounded the charge, and the call stiffened the backbone of the U.N. attack. It was a declaration that the American army was pushing forward just as it had pushed forward against every enemy since 1775. The call was a reminder that each individual soldier was a member of a fighting team with a heritage bettered by no nation. Sam blew his trumpet, playing it straight for a change, with no fancy riffs, but playing it straight from the heart.

And then, when he had seen that the attack had rallied and no one was falling back, he returned the trumpet to his pack and held his bayoneted rifle at the ready.

Sam had discovered a way to combine two professions, and he was confident that from here on in he could handle anything that came his way.

THEY SPED TOWARD A...

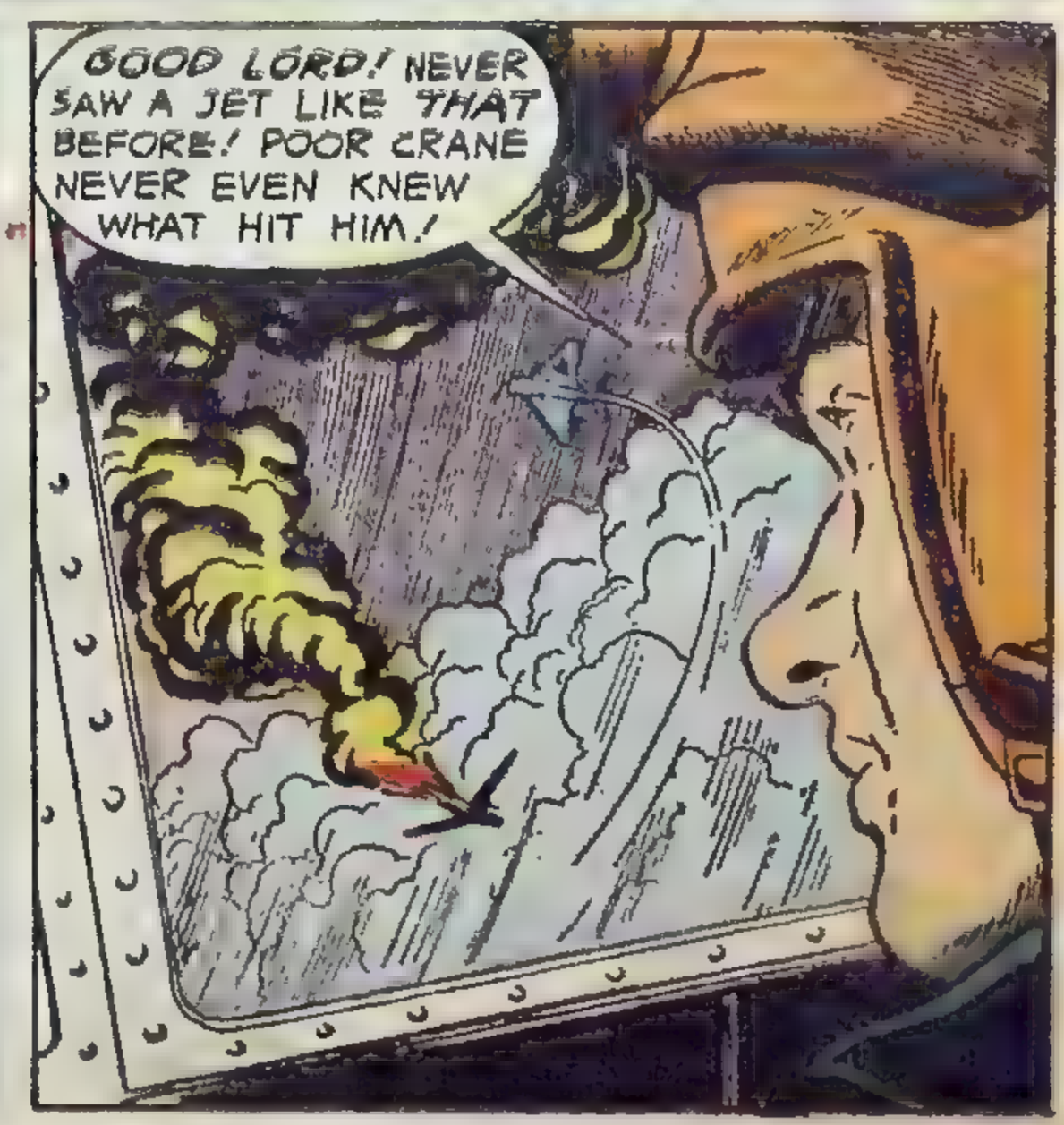
MEETING UNDER FIRE!

OUT OF THE NORTH ROARED A NEW THREAT TO THE U.N. FORCES IN KOREA, AND THE MARINES FACED A PROBLEM THAT HAD TO BE SOLVED BY QUICK ACTION! THEIRS WAS A...

FIGHT AGAINST TIME!

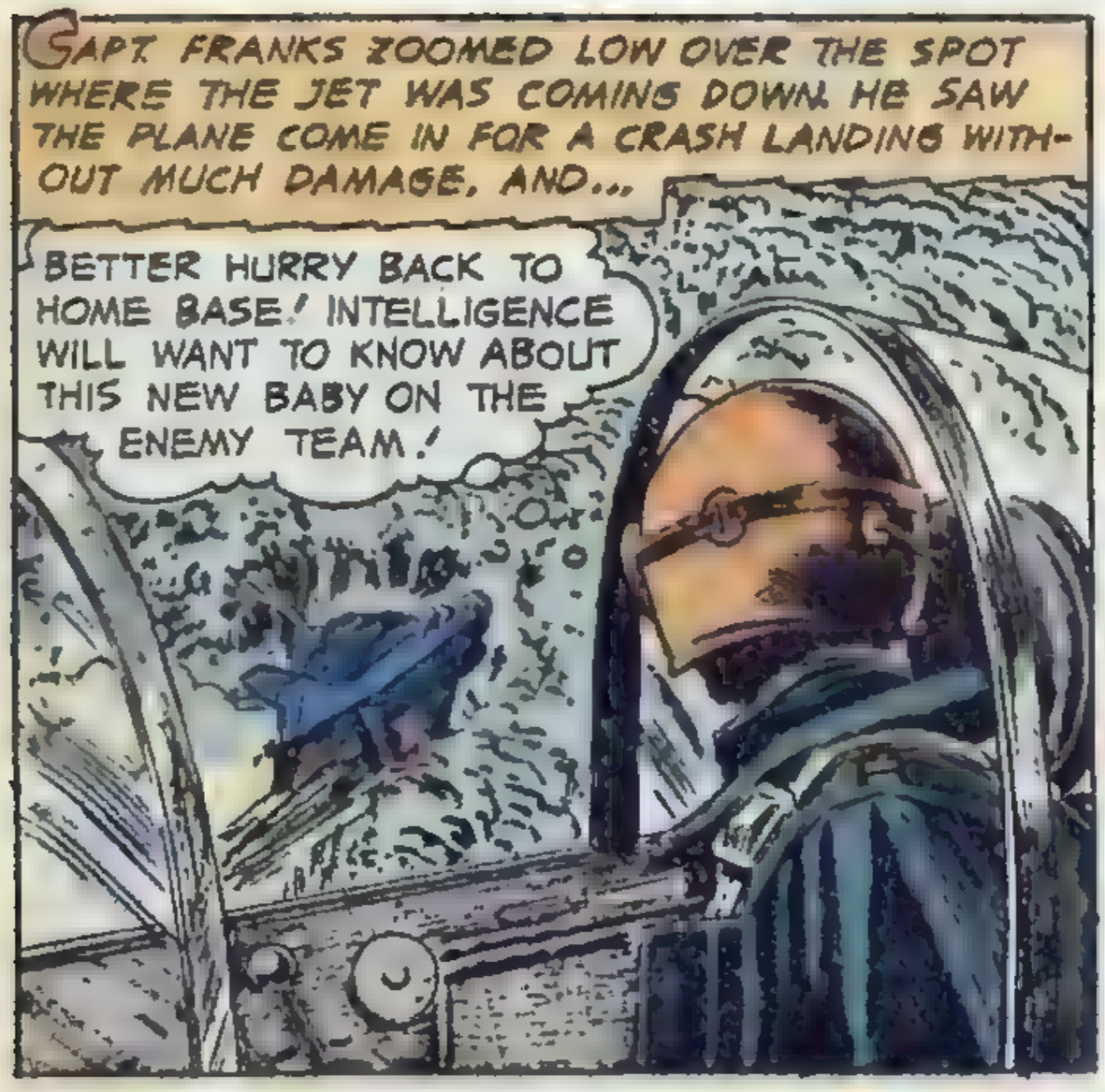
HOW ARE THEY DOIN' BACK THERE WITH THAT PLANE?

MOVIN' TOO SLOW! WE CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER!



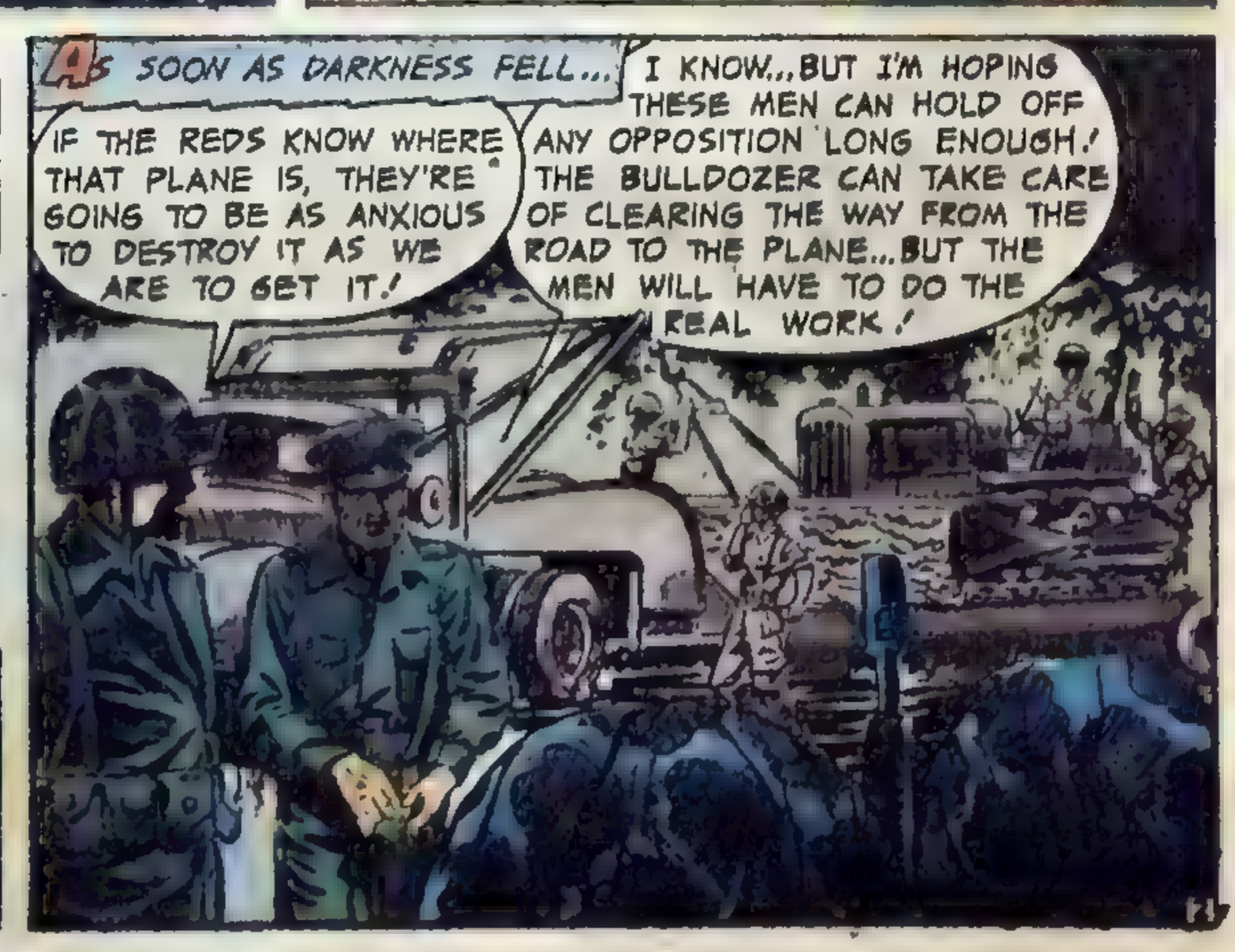
IT WAS A COMPLETELY NEW TYPE OF ENEMY JET--FASTER AND MORE MANEUVERABLE THAN ANY THE MARINES HAD BEEN UP AGAINST! CAPT. FRANKS MADE A SHARP LEFT BANK, AND...
FOOLED THE COMMIE! HE DIDN'T EXPECT ME TO GET AROUND SO FAST! NOW TO SEE HOW HE LIKES A LITTLE MARINE PERSUASION!

AND...
I MUST'VE HIT THE PILOT! THE JET DOESN'T SEEM TO BE DAMAGED AT ALL...


CAPT. FRANKS ZOOMED LOW OVER THE SPOT WHERE THE JET WAS COMING DOWN. HE SAW THE PLANE COME IN FOR A CRASH LANDING WITHOUT MUCH DAMAGE, AND...
BETTER HURRY BACK TO HOME BASE! INTELLIGENCE WILL WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THIS NEW BABY ON THE ENEMY TEAM!

AND SOON...
THAT'S ALL THE DOPE, COLONEL... I CIRCLED ONCE TO SEE IF THE PILOT WAS ABLE TO WALK AWAY FROM THE WRECK... BUT HE DIDN'T!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO... WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT PLANE AND STUDY IT!
MAD

BUT HOW, SIR? IT'S A COUPLE OF MILES BEHIND THE RED LINES!
IT WON'T BE EASY, I ASSURE YOU! WE'LL HAVE TO SEND A SMALL TASK FORCE WITH A TRUCK AND TRAILER--AND THEY'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST!


AS SOON AS DARKNESS FELL...
IF THE REDS KNOW WHERE THAT PLANE IS, THEY'RE GOING TO BE AS ANXIOUS TO DESTROY IT AS WE ARE TO GET IT!
I KNOW... BUT I'M HOPING THESE MEN CAN HOLD OFF ANY OPPOSITION LONG ENOUGH! THE BULLDOZER CAN TAKE CARE OF CLEARING THE WAY FROM THE ROAD TO THE PLANE... BUT THE MEN WILL HAVE TO DO THE REAL WORK!

A SHORT WHILE LATER, THE SMALL TASK FORCE WAS ON THE MOVE!

I SURE HOPE THE REDS AREN'T EXPECTING US!

WE'LL BE READY FOR 'EM!

AND... THIS IS THE SPOT, ALL RIGHT! PULL UP HERE! I'M GOING OVER TO THE PLANE TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PILOT!

YES, SIR!

HE'S ABOUT AS DEAD AS ANYBODY COULD BE!

BUT THE RADIO'S OKAY...AND HE MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN WORD THROUGH TO HIS FORCES...GIVING THEM HIS LOCATION!

I'M GOING TO RADIO BACK TO HQ FOR AIR COVERAGE--JUST IN CASE! YOU GET THE BULLDOZER WORKING, SO THE TRUCK CAN PULL IN HERE!

YES, SIR!

IT WAS A MATTER OF SPEED AND COORDINATION! THE BULLDOZER KNOCKED DOWN THE TREES, AND THE MEN HAULED THEM OUT OF THE WAY. BEHIND THEM, THE TRUCKS INCHED FORWARD, CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE PLANE...

UNTIL, AT LAST...

HURRY WITH THAT CABLE! WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME!

YOU'RE RIGHT, CAPTAIN! I THINK I HEAR COMPANY COMIN'!

MIGS! HIT THE DIRT!!

THEN, SUDDENLY...

THERE COME SOME MORE PLANES!

THEY'RE OURS! THEY'RE OURS!

THE TWO MIGS WERE NO MATCH FOR THE U.S. THUNDERJETS, AND...

THEY SURE TOOK CARE OF 'EM!

OKAY...NOW, LET'S GET BACK TO WORK!

GET SOME MORE OF YOUR MEN DEPLOYED THROUGH THE WOODS. THE REDS MIGHT SEND GROUND TROOPS IN HERE NEXT!

YES, SIR!

IT TOOK A MATTER OF SECONDS TO GET THE MARINES INTO POSITION...

I WISH THEY'D HURRY WITH THAT JOB! I'M BEGINNING TO GET THE WILLIES!

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW! THEY GOT THE CABLE ATTACHED TO THE PLANE ALREADY...

BACK AT THE TRAILER, THE SCENE WAS ONE OF FEVERISH ACTIVITY...

SHE'S ALL SET NOW! PULL IT IN... BUT TAKE IT EASY! WE DON'T WANT TO BREAK THE CABLE!

RIGHT, SIR. I'LL START IT MOVING!

U.S.M.
170215

BUT...

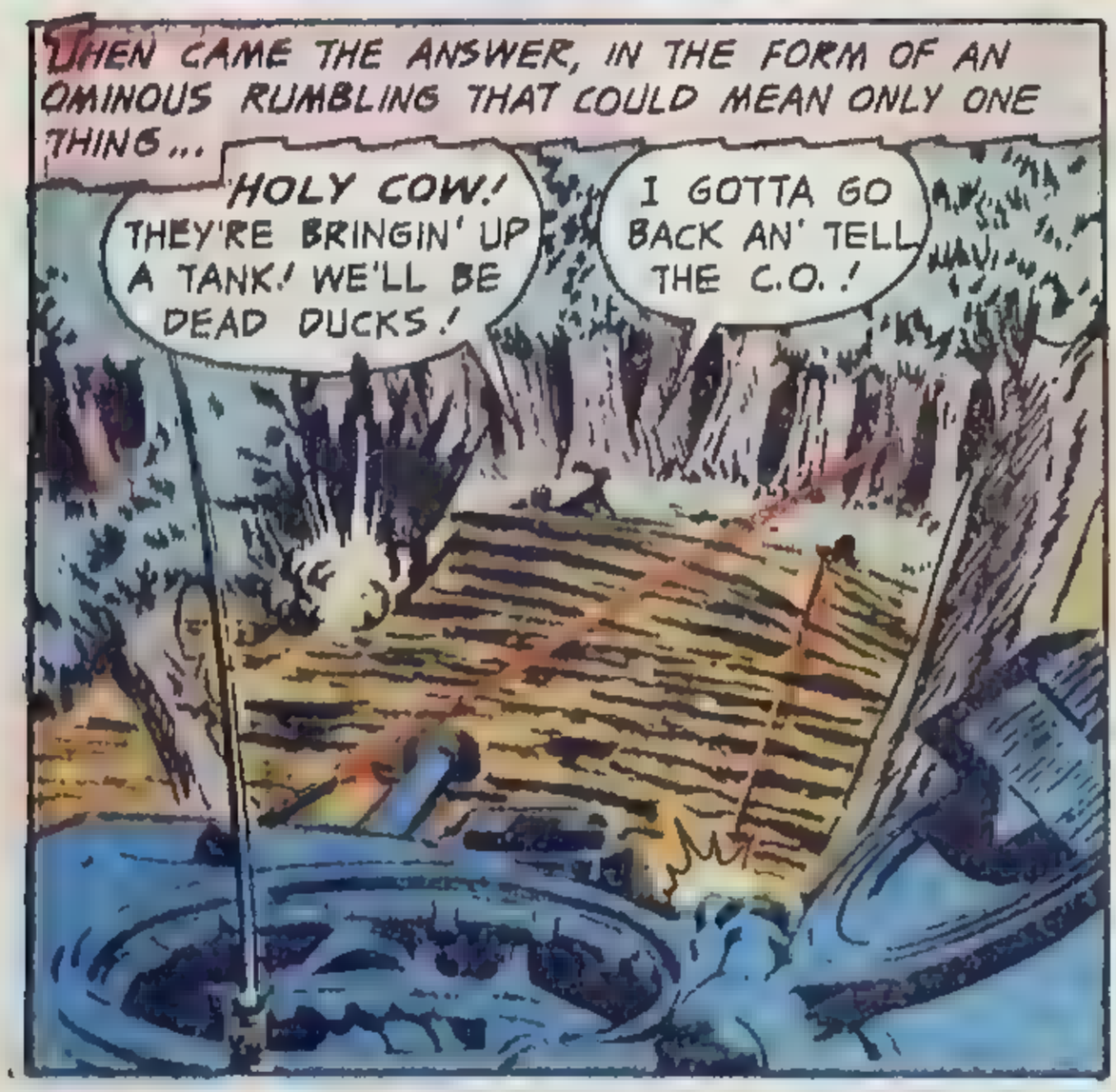
CRACK!

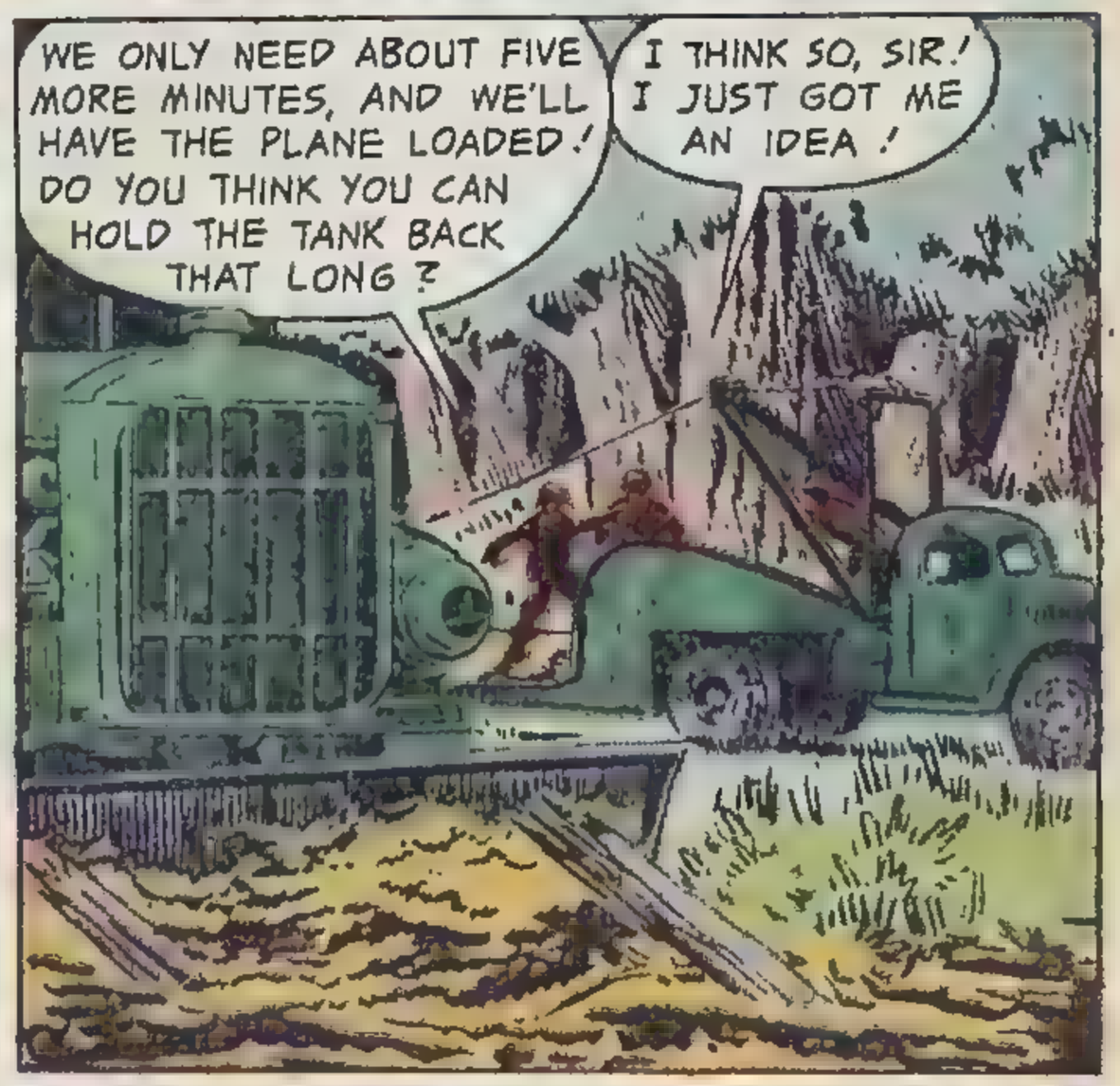
QUICK! TIE WHAT'S LEFT AROUND THE PLANE! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

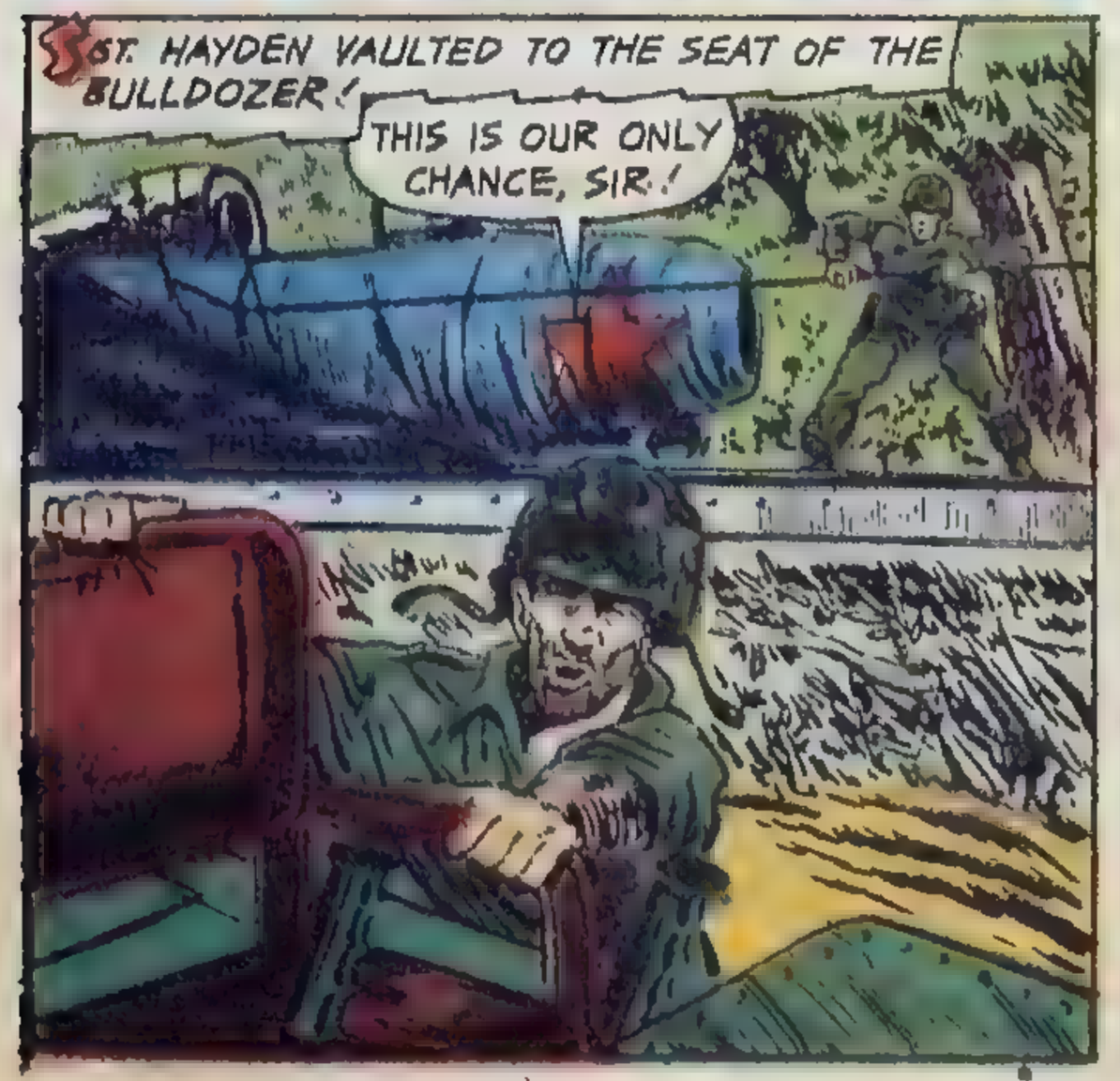
RED FIRE FROM BACK THERE, CAPTAIN!
THEY MUST'VE SENT A GROUND FORCE IN! WE'LL HAVE TO DEPEND ON SGT. HAYDEN AND THE OTHERS TO TAKE CARE OF THEM! OUR JOB IS HERE!

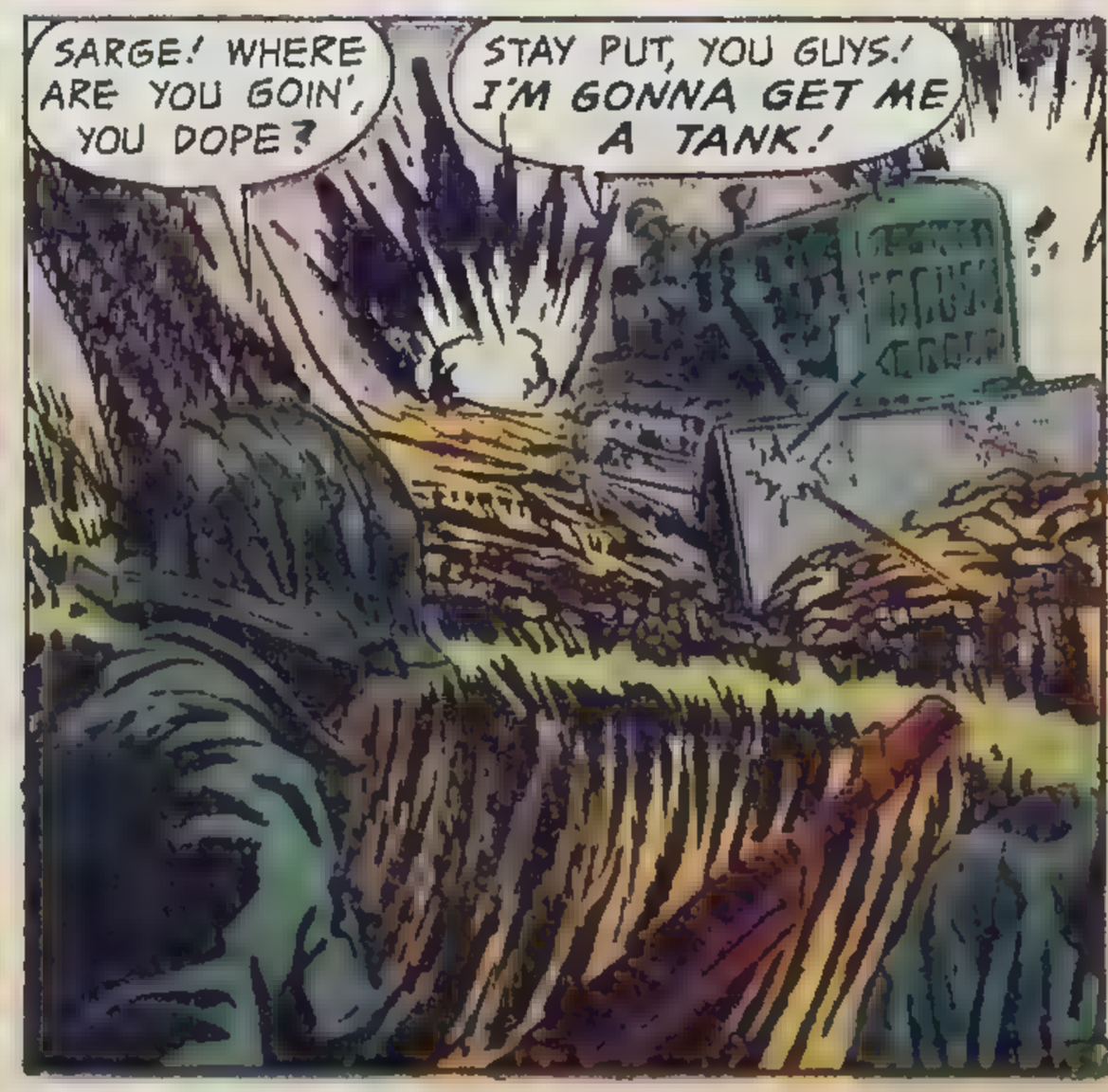
MEANWHILE, AT THE DEFENSE LINE...
KEEP FIRIN' AT 'EM! THERE AREN'T TOO MANY! WE CAN HOLD 'EM OFF!
AS LONG AS THEY DON'T TRY TO RUSH US!

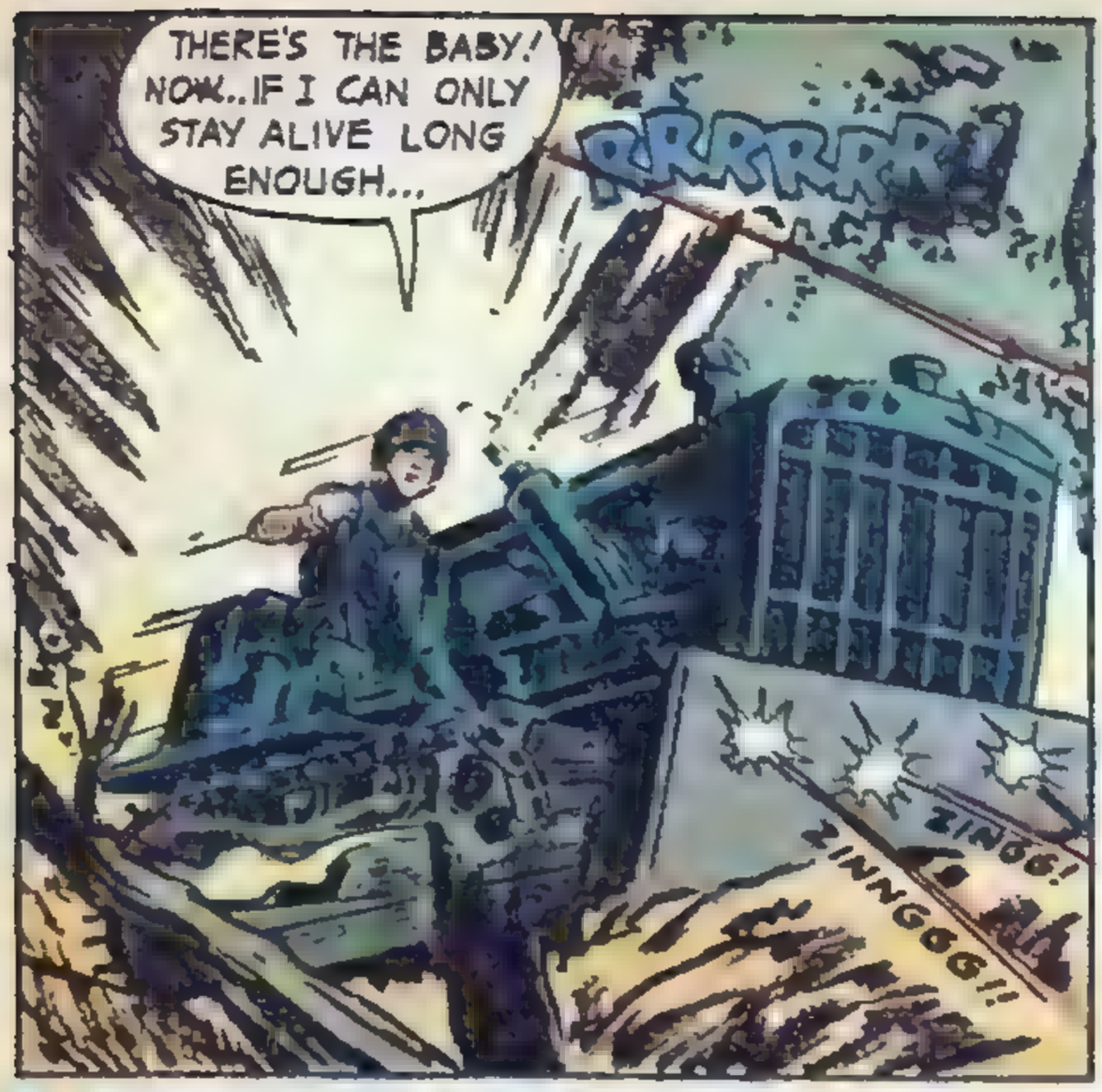
I DON'T GET IT! THEY DON'T SEEM TO BE TRYIN' TO PUSH THROUGH! MAYBE THEY'RE ONLY TRYING TO KEEP US BUSY!
YEAH...AS IF THEY WERE WAITING FOR SOMETHING!

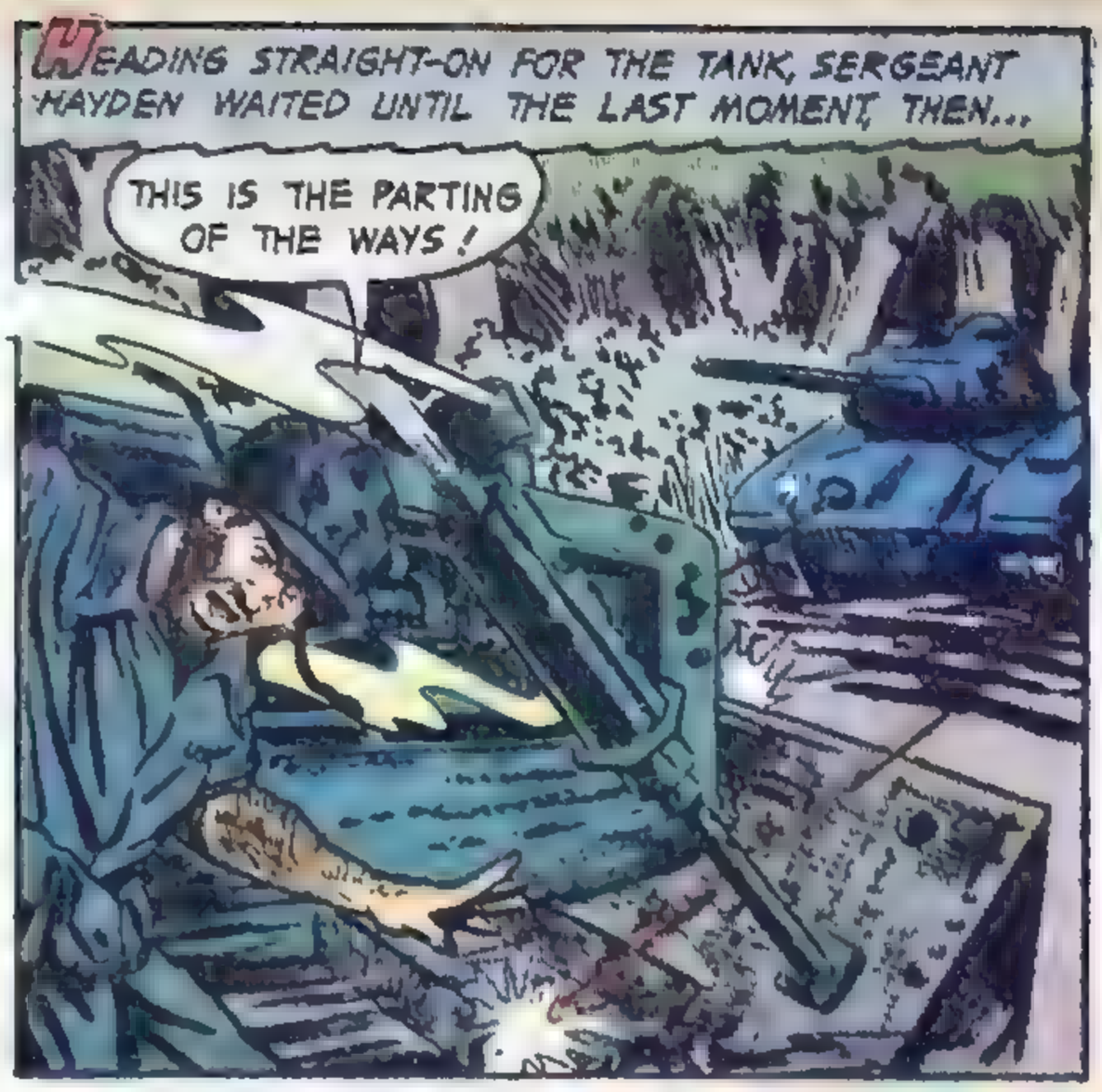

THEN CAME THE ANSWER, IN THE FORM OF AN OMINOUS RUMBLING THAT COULD MEAN ONLY ONE THING...
HOLY COW! THEY'RE BRINGIN' UP A TANK! WE'LL BE DEAD DUCKS!
I GOTTA GO BACK AN' TELL THE C.O.!


WE ONLY NEED ABOUT FIVE MORE MINUTES, AND WE'LL HAVE THE PLANE LOADED! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN HOLD THE TANK BACK THAT LONG?
I THINK SO, SIR! I JUST GOT ME AN IDEA!


SGT. HAYDEN VAULTED TO THE SEAT OF THE BULLDOZER!
THIS IS OUR ONLY CHANCE, SIR!


SARGE! WHERE ARE YOU GOIN', YOU DOPE?
STAY PUT, YOU GUYS! I'M GONNA GET ME A TANK!

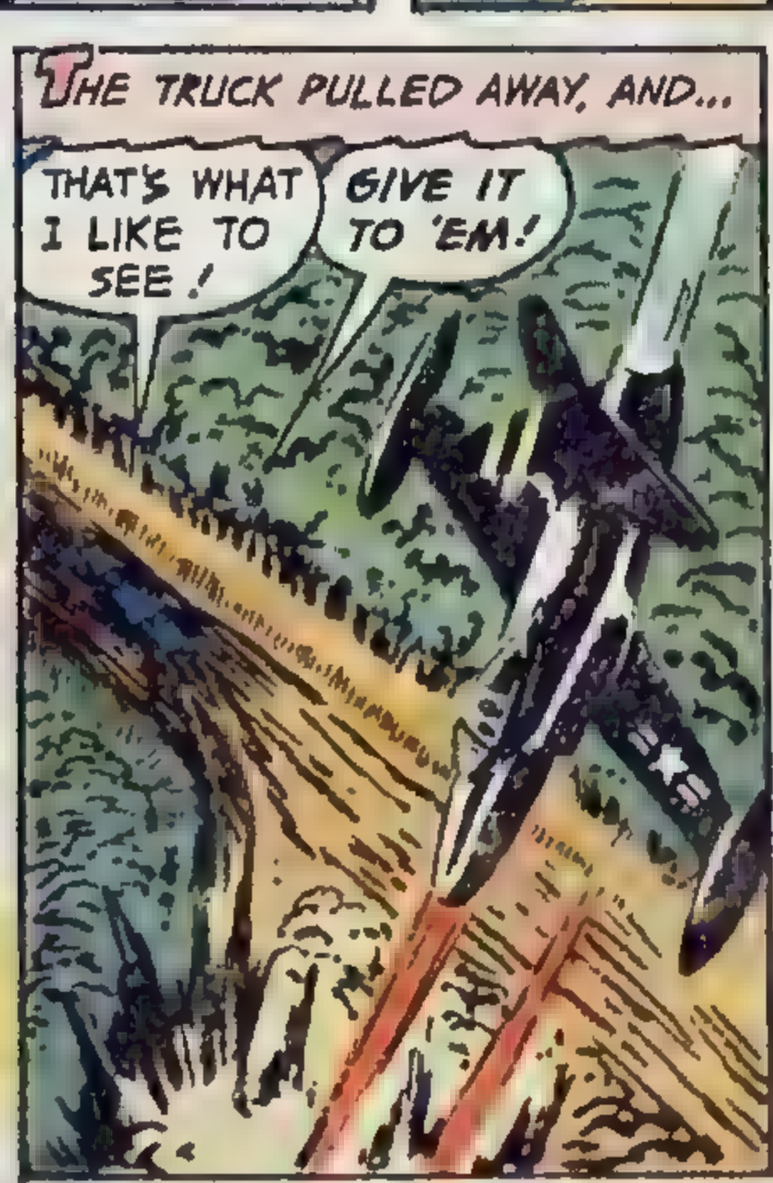

THERE'S THE BABY! NOW..IF I CAN ONLY STAY ALIVE LONG ENOUGH...
RRRRRRR!
ZINGG!
ZINNGGG!!

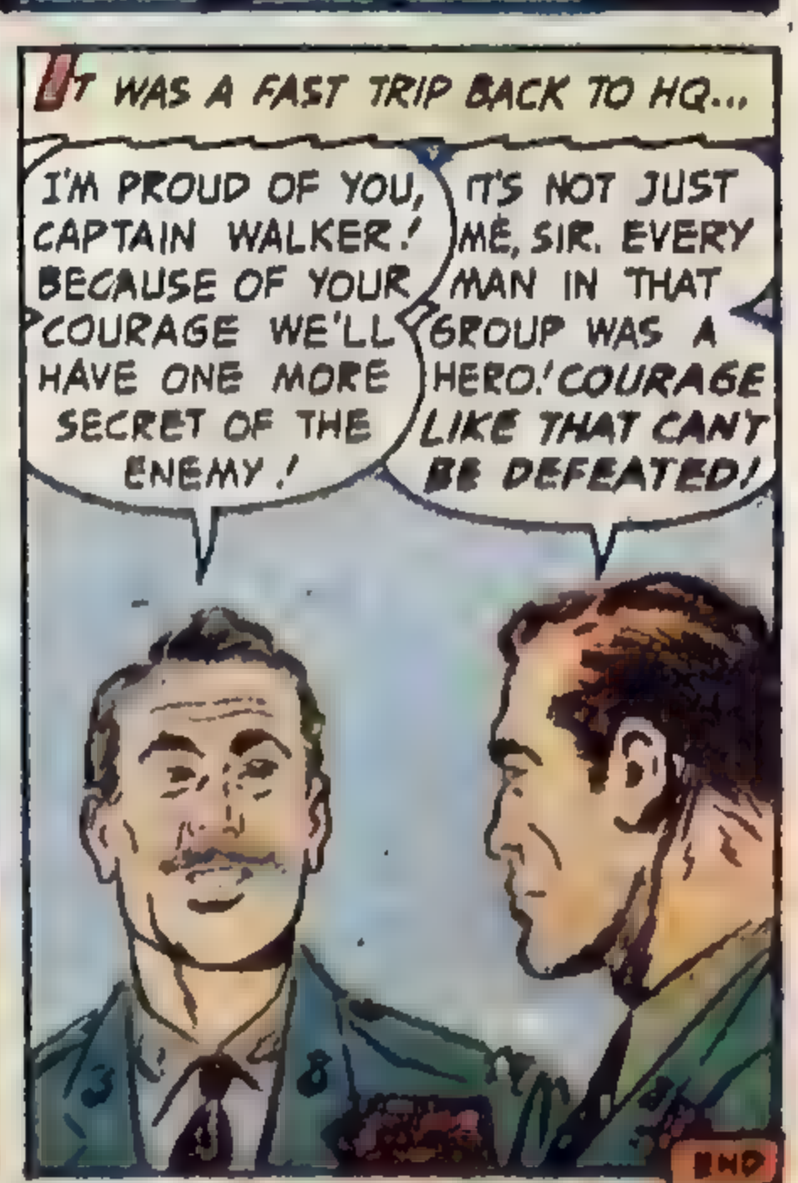

HEADING STRAIGHT-ON FOR THE TANK, SERGEANT HAYDEN WAITED UNTIL THE LAST MOMENT, THEN...
THIS IS THE PARTING OF THE WAYS!

AND...
CRRRAAAASHH!

AND AT THAT INSTANT...
ALL RIGHT, MEN! PULL BACK! WE'RE LOADED AND READY TO ROLL!

THE FLY-BOYS ARE BACK! THEY'LL GIVE US COVERAGE! LET'S GO!


THE TRUCK PULLED AWAY, AND...
THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO SEE!
GIVE IT TO 'EM!


IT WAS A FAST TRIP BACK TO HQ...
I'M PROUD OF YOU, CAPTAIN WALKER! BECAUSE OF YOUR COURAGE WE'LL HAVE ONE MORE SECRET OF THE ENEMY!
IT'S NOT JUST ME, SIR. EVERY MAN IN THAT GROUP WAS A HERO! COURAGE LIKE THAT CAN'T BE DEFEATED!
END

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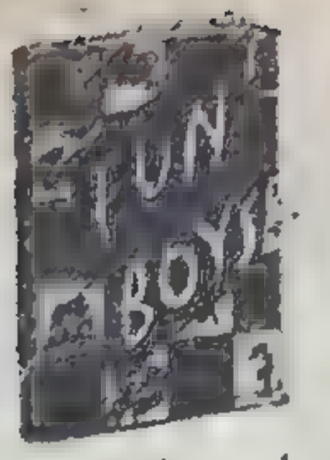

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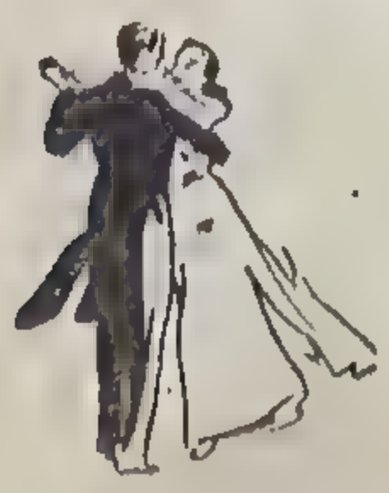

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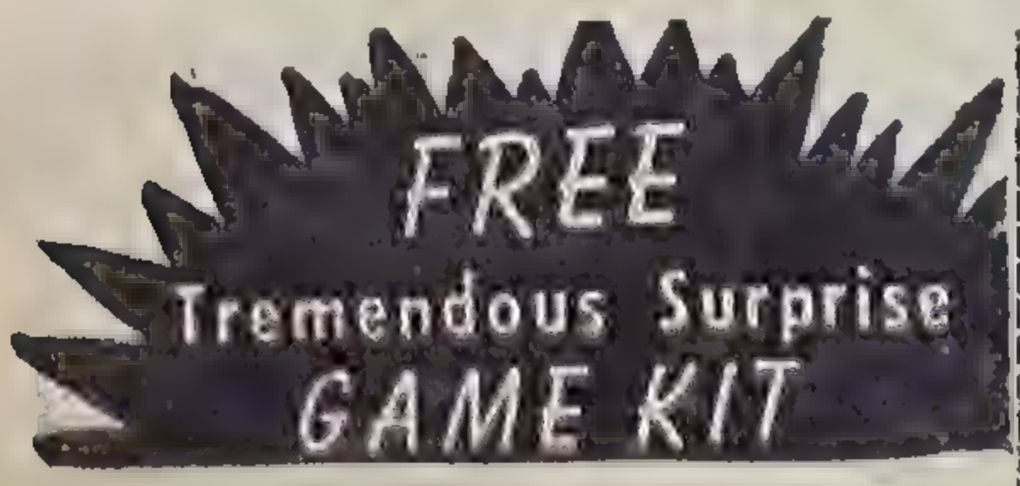

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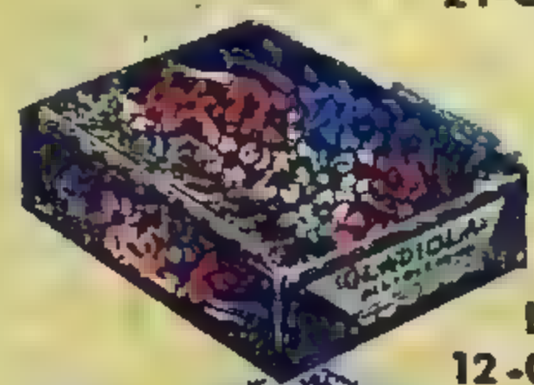

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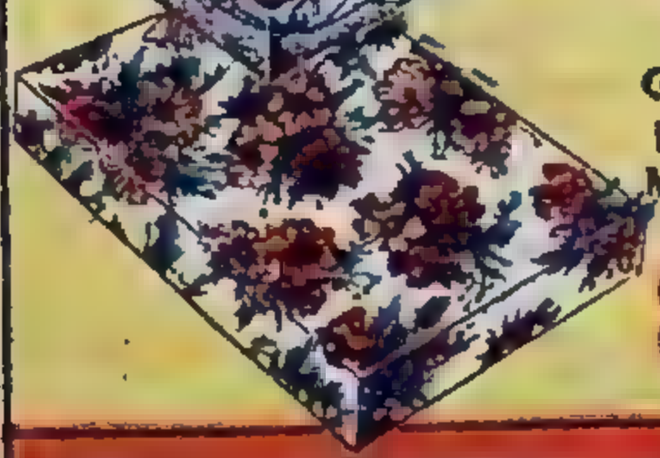

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SOMEWHERE BEHIND ENEMY LINES, AN AMERICAN AIR FORCE PILOT, HOLDING VITAL INFORMATION NECESSARY FOR A U.N. COUNTERATTACK, WAS TRAPPED. AND IT WAS SQUARELY UP TO THREE INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS TO INFILTRATE NORTH KOREAN DEFENSES, LOCATE THE AIRMAN, AND BLAST A . . . .

ROAD BACK TO SEOUL

IN ENEMY TERRITORY NORTH OF SEOUL A U.S. OBSERVATION PLANE PLUNGED THROUGH FLAK, AND . . .

DONE FOR! GOT TO KEEP THIS BABY ALIVE LONG ENOUGH TO DUCK THOSE GOOKS!

MINUTES LATER, A SHOCKING RADIO MESSAGE COMES INTO U.S. HEADQUARTERS . . .

CRASH LANDED IN ENEMY TERRITORY...16 MILES NORTH-EAST OF SEOUL... CANNOT SEND FURTHER.. WOULD BETRAY POSITION WILL TRY TO GET THROUGH... HAVE DATA.

GREAT SUFFERING ROCKETS! PETERS WAS ALMOST THROUGH WHEN THEY WINGED HIM! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING — *FAST!*

SO CAPTAIN PERRY HOLDS THE MOST IMPORTANT BRIEFING OF HIS COMMAND...

SO THAT'S IT, MEN! PETERS HAS PHOTOGRAPHED VITAL KEY ENEMY FORTIFICATIONS FOR OUR COMING ATTACK! HE'S DOWNED WITH THE PHOTO PLATES, SOMEWHERE HERE, NORTH OF SEOUL!

SEOUL

CARTER! BARKLEY! JORDEN! WITHOUT HIS INFORMATION OUR ATTACK IS BEATEN BEFORE IT BEGINS! THIS IS STRICTLY VOLUNTEER STUFF. THINK YOU CAN GET PETERS BACK THROUGH THE LINES?

CAP'N, JUST GIVE US 3 DAYS AND PLENTY OF AMMO!

SURE THING!

THAT NIGHT...

OUR BEST BET IS CROSSING THE RIVER HERE! THEN WE'LL HEAD NORTHEAST THROUGH THE WOODS...

CLAM UP! GOOK PATROL!

LATER..

KEEP YA AMMO DRY!

RIGHT!

OKE!

HOUR AFTER HOUR, THE SCOUTING TRIO COMBS THE NORTH KOREAN COUNTRYSIDE...

HE'D BE HEADING SOUTH TOWARD OUR LINES... CAN'T LET 'IM SLIP BY US!

SUDDENLY, AS DAWN BREAKS...

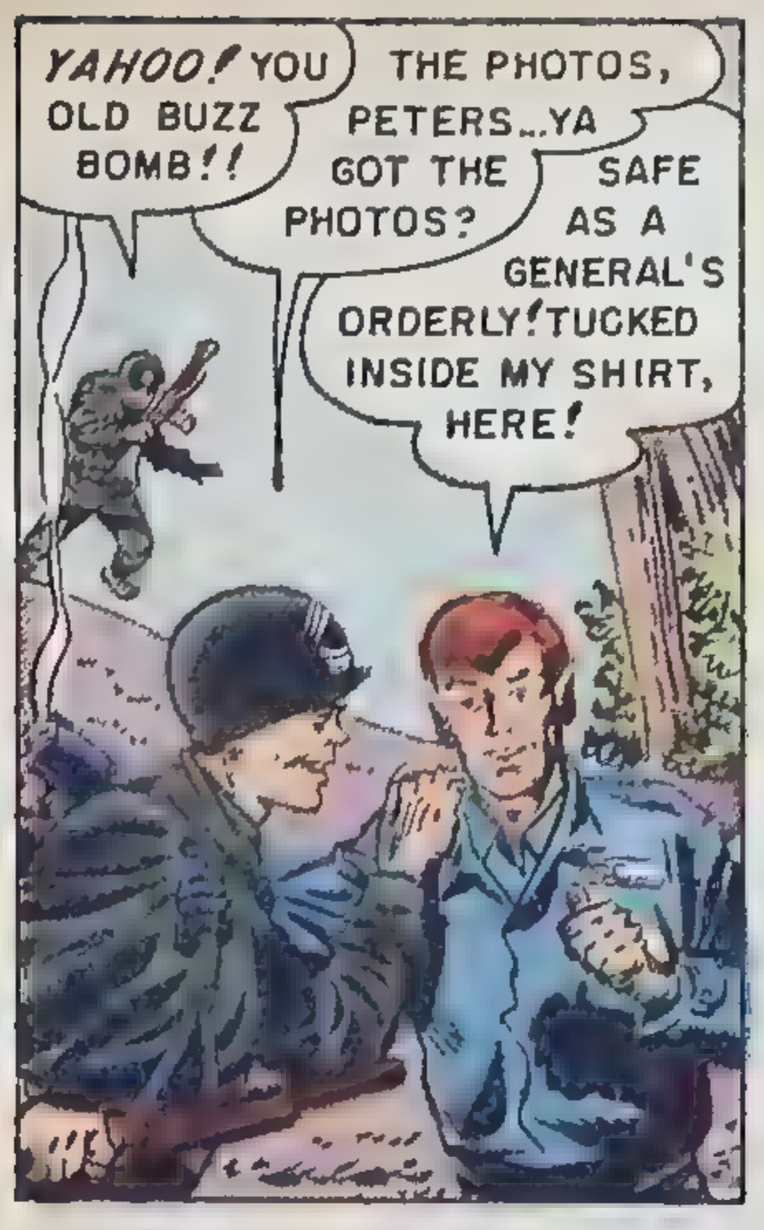
WHA--!!?

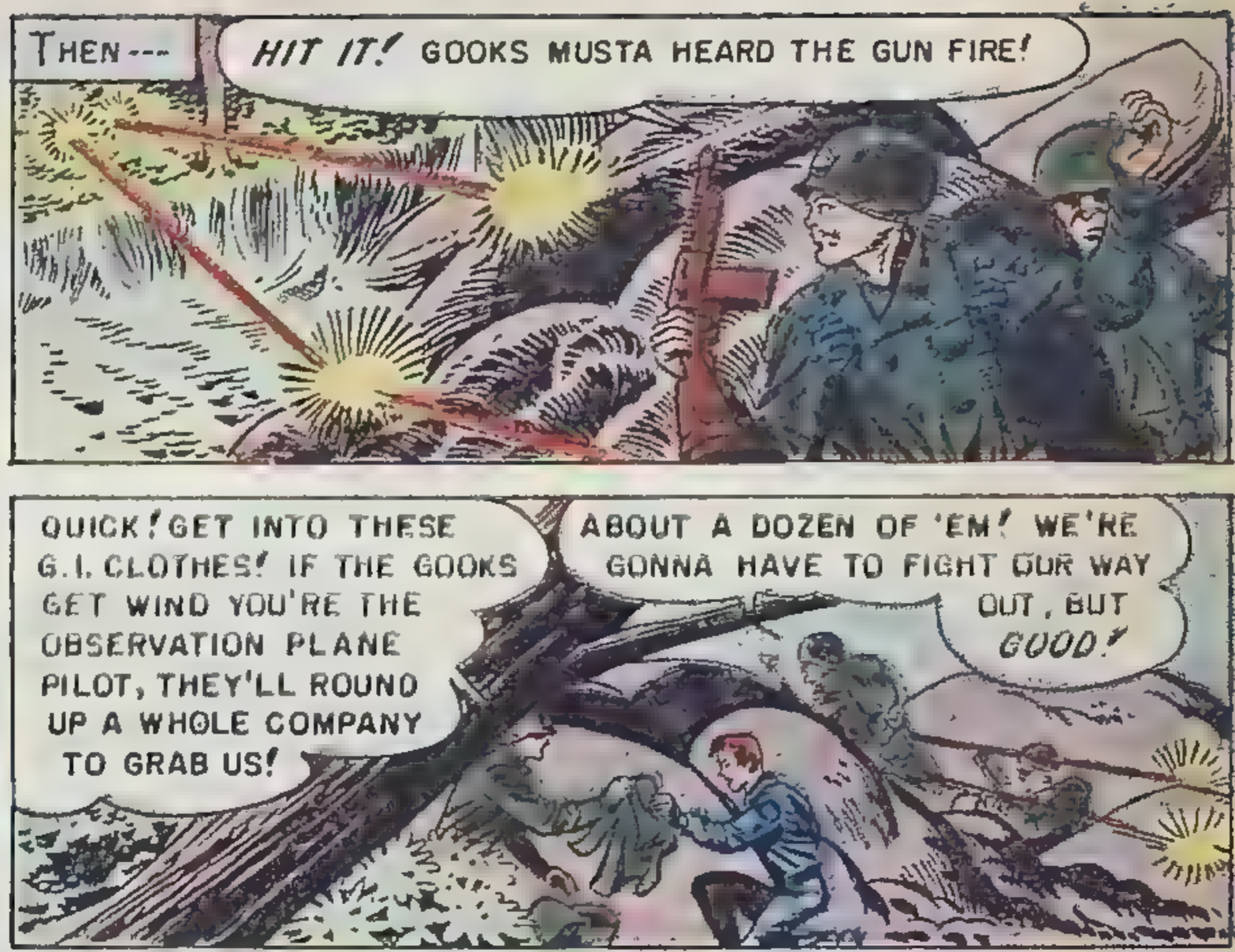
BAM

PING

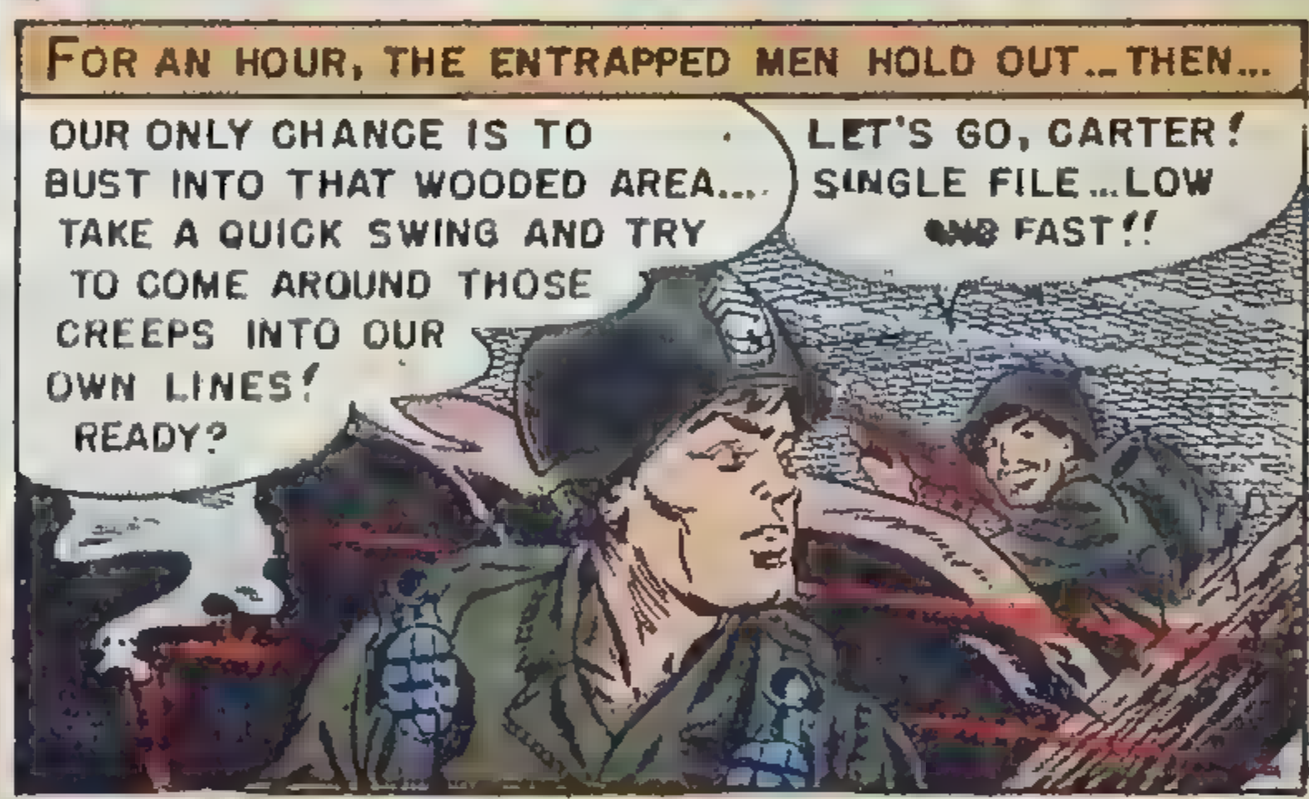
PETERS! YOU LOP-EARED GALOOT! YOU'RE TRYING TO BURN DOWN YOUR OWN BUDDIES!

GREAT CATS! *CARTER!*


YAHOO! YOU OLD BUZZ BOMB!!
THE PHOTOS, PETERS...YA GOT THE PHOTOS?
SAFE AS A GENERAL'S ORDERLY! TUCKED INSIDE MY SHIRT, HERE!


THEN---
HIT IT! GOOKS MUSTA HEARD THE GUN FIRE!
QUICK! GET INTO THESE G.I. CLOTHES! IF THE GOOKS GET WIND YOU'RE THE OBSERVATION PLANE PILOT, THEY'LL ROUND UP A WHOLE COMPANY TO GRAB US!
ABOUT A DOZEN OF 'EM! WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO FIGHT OUR WAY OUT, BUT GOOD!

YOU GONE COMBAT HAPPY? WHATCHA BURNIN' THE PHOTOS FOR?!
GOTTA DO IT! I'VE GOT THE DATA IN MY HEAD! IF THE GOOKS GRAB THESE, THEY'LL BE ONTO THE WHOLE ATTACK!

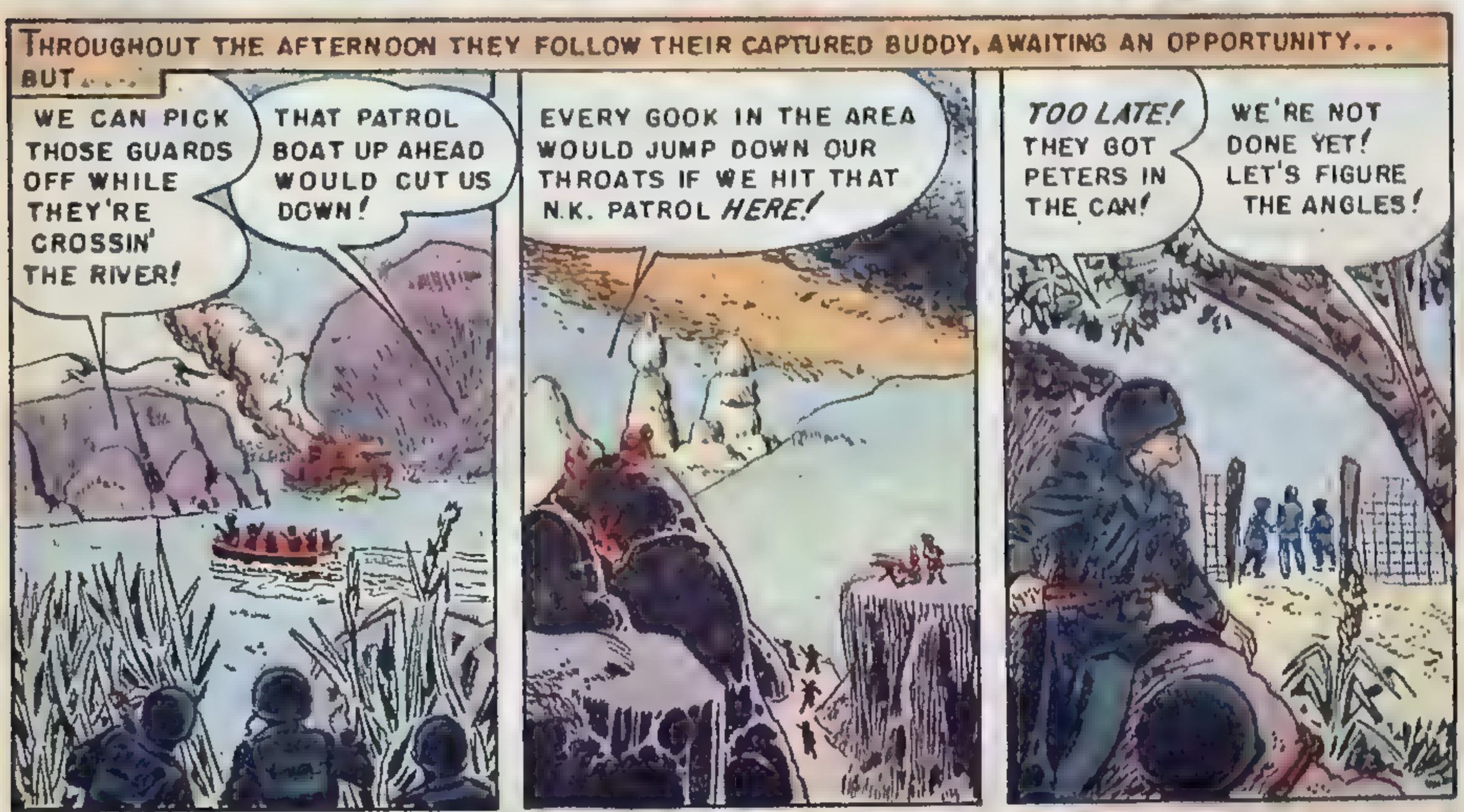

FOR AN HOUR, THE ENTRAPPED MEN HOLD OUT...THEN...
OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO BUST INTO THAT WOODED AREA... TAKE A QUICK SWING AND TRY TO COME AROUND THOSE CREEPS INTO OUR OWN LINES! READY?
LET'S GO, CARTER! SINGLE FILE...LOW AND FAST!!

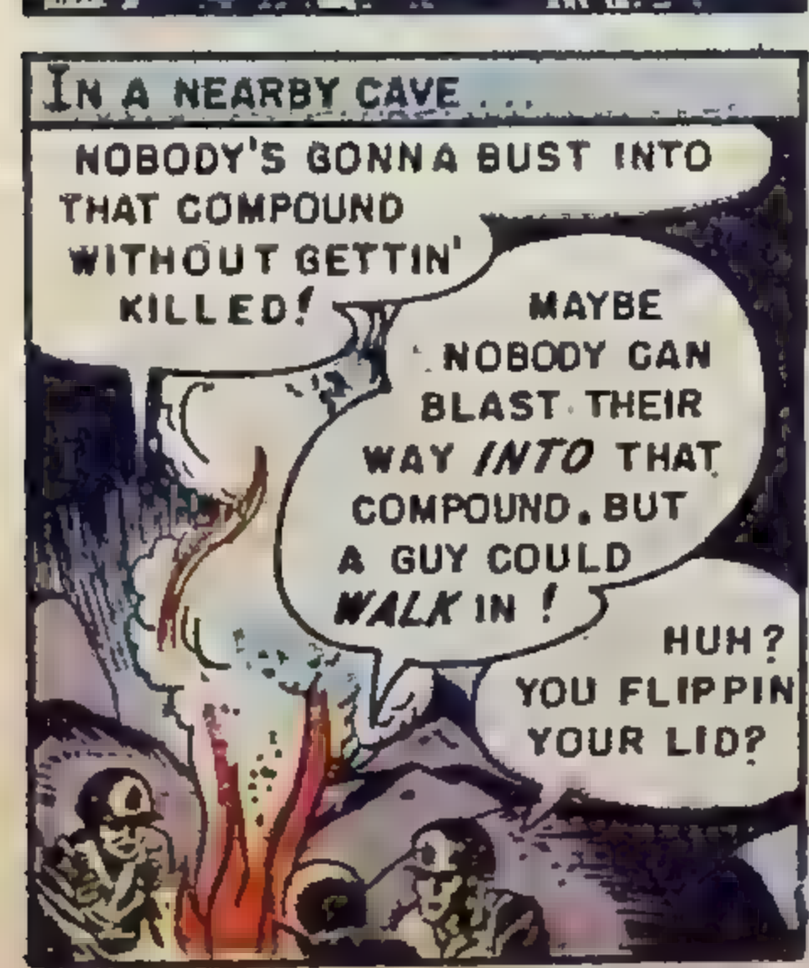
ENEMY LEAD STREAKS TOWARD THE G.I.'S, AS...
OHH!

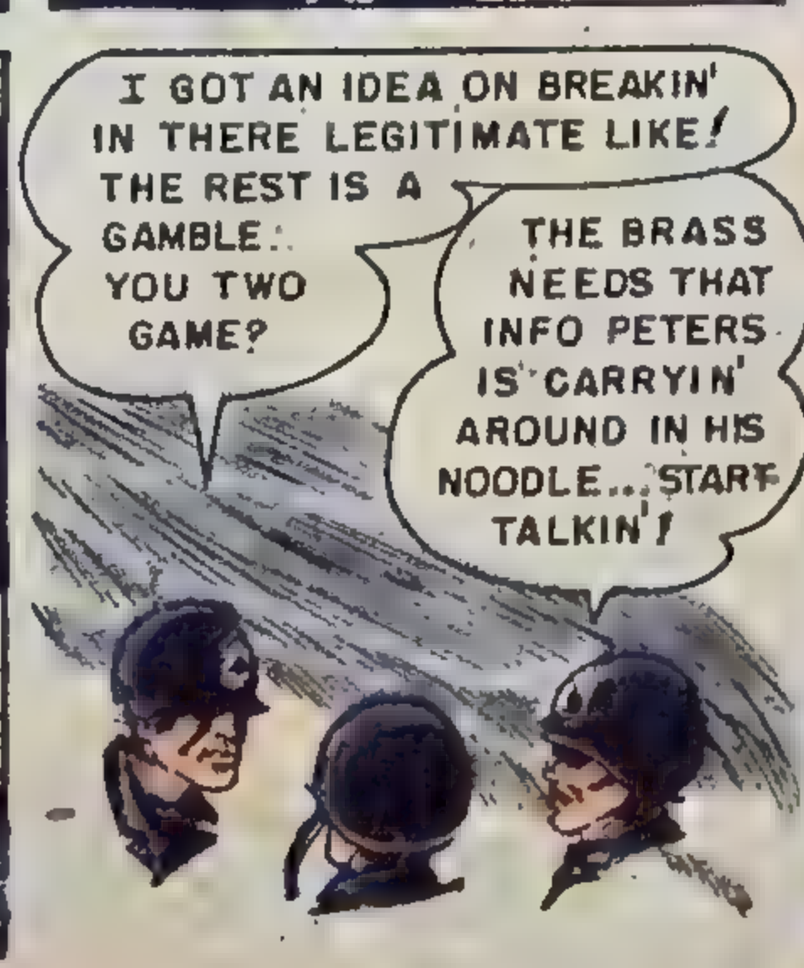
QUICKLY THE NORTH KOREANS SWARM DOWN UPON THE HELPLESS PILOT...
C'MON! WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FOR? LET'S GO BLAST 'EM!
HOLD IT! WE'D JUST BE WALKING SMACK INTO A CURTAIN OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE! WE GOTTA USE OUR WITS... FIGURE SOMETHING OUT!

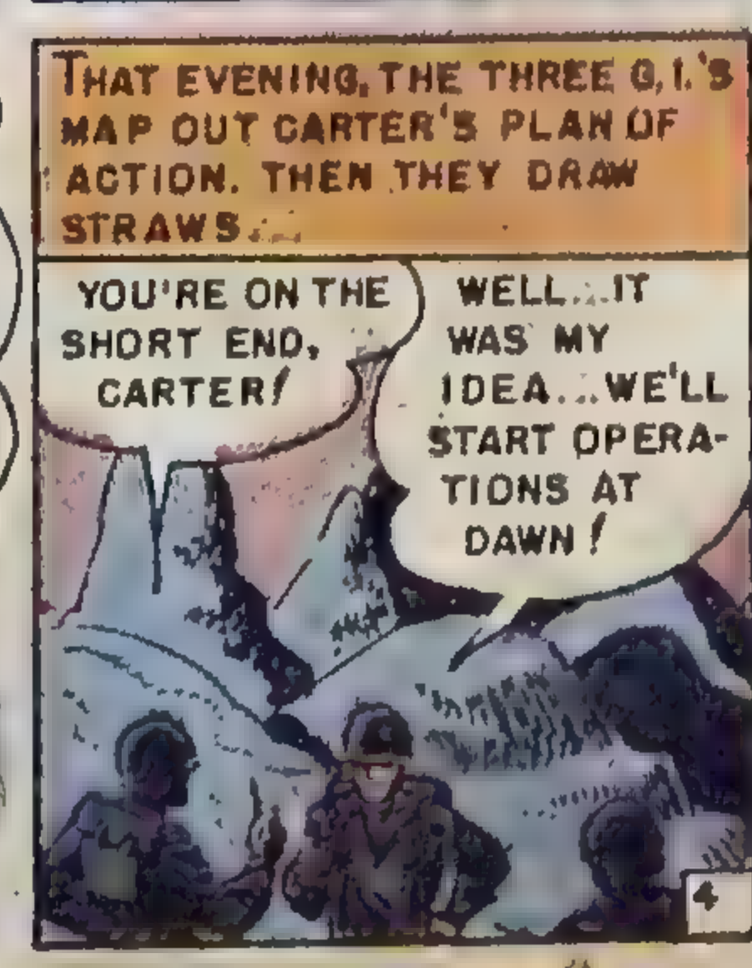
THEN...
HEY, GUYS! THEY'RE TAKING PETERS *PRISONER!*
THERE'S STILL A CHANCE OF GETTIN' THAT INFORMATION BACK TO HQ... JUST AS LONG AS PETERS BREATHES AIR!

MOVE, YOU GUYS! WE'RE GONNA PLAY TAG WITH THAT GOOK PATROL AND SNAG PETERS WHEN WE GET THE CHANCE!
IF WE GET THE CHANCE!


THROUGHOUT THE AFTERNOON THEY FOLLOW THEIR CAPTURED BUDDY, AWAITING AN OPPORTUNITY...
BUT....
WE CAN PICK THOSE GUARDS OFF WHILE THEY'RE CROSSIN' THE RIVER!
THAT PATROL BOAT UP AHEAD WOULD CUT US DOWN!
EVERY GOOK IN THE AREA WOULD JUMP DOWN OUR THROATS IF WE HIT THAT N.K. PATROL *HERE!*
TOO LATE! THEY GOT PETERS IN THE CAN!
WE'RE NOT DONE YET! LET'S FIGURE THE ANGLES!


IN A NEARBY CAVE...
NOBODY'S GONNA BUST INTO THAT COMPOUND WITHOUT GETTIN' KILLED!
MAYBE NOBODY CAN BLAST THEIR WAY *INTO* THAT COMPOUND. BUT A GUY COULD *WALK* IN!
HUH? YOU FLIPPIN YOUR LID?


I GOT AN IDEA ON BREAKIN' IN THERE LEGITIMATE LIKE! THE REST IS A GAMBLE... YOU TWO GAME?
THE BRASS NEEDS THAT INFO PETERS IS CARRYIN' AROUND IN HIS NOODLE... START TALKIN'!


THAT EVENING, THE THREE G.I.'S MAP OUT CARTER'S PLAN OF ACTION. THEN THEY DRAW STRAWS...
YOU'RE ON THE SHORT END, CARTER!
WELL... IT WAS MY IDEA... WE'LL START OPERATIONS AT DAWN!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

LOOK! YANKEE SWINE ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE!

SEIZE HIM!

THE "ESCAPED" PRISONER IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE COMMANDANT...

IDIOT! NOBODY ESCAPES THE PRISON CAMPS OF THE NORTH KOREAN ARMY! THROW THE FOOL BACK INTO THE ENCLOSURE!

CARTER QUICKLY CONTACTS PETERS, AND...

YOUR BEING HERE WON'T DO ANY GOOD-- AND NOW YOU'RE IN THE SAME MESS AS I!

WE GOT AN ANGLE! WEREN'T YOU A CHAMP ON THE '48 OLYMPIC TEAM... IN POLE VAULTING?

YEAH, BUT....

YOU'RE GONNA DO A COMMAND PERFORMANCE FOR THESE GOOKS AT MIDNIGHT TOMORROW!

THE NEXT EVENING, SHORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT...

T-THIS IS MADNESS, CARTER! THOSE SEARCH LIGHTS WILL PIN-POINT ME!

YOU'LL HAVE TO CHANCE THAT! JUST HOPE JORDEN AND BARKLEY ARE ON THE BALL! GET READY...

THEN, AT EXACTLY MIDNIGHT...

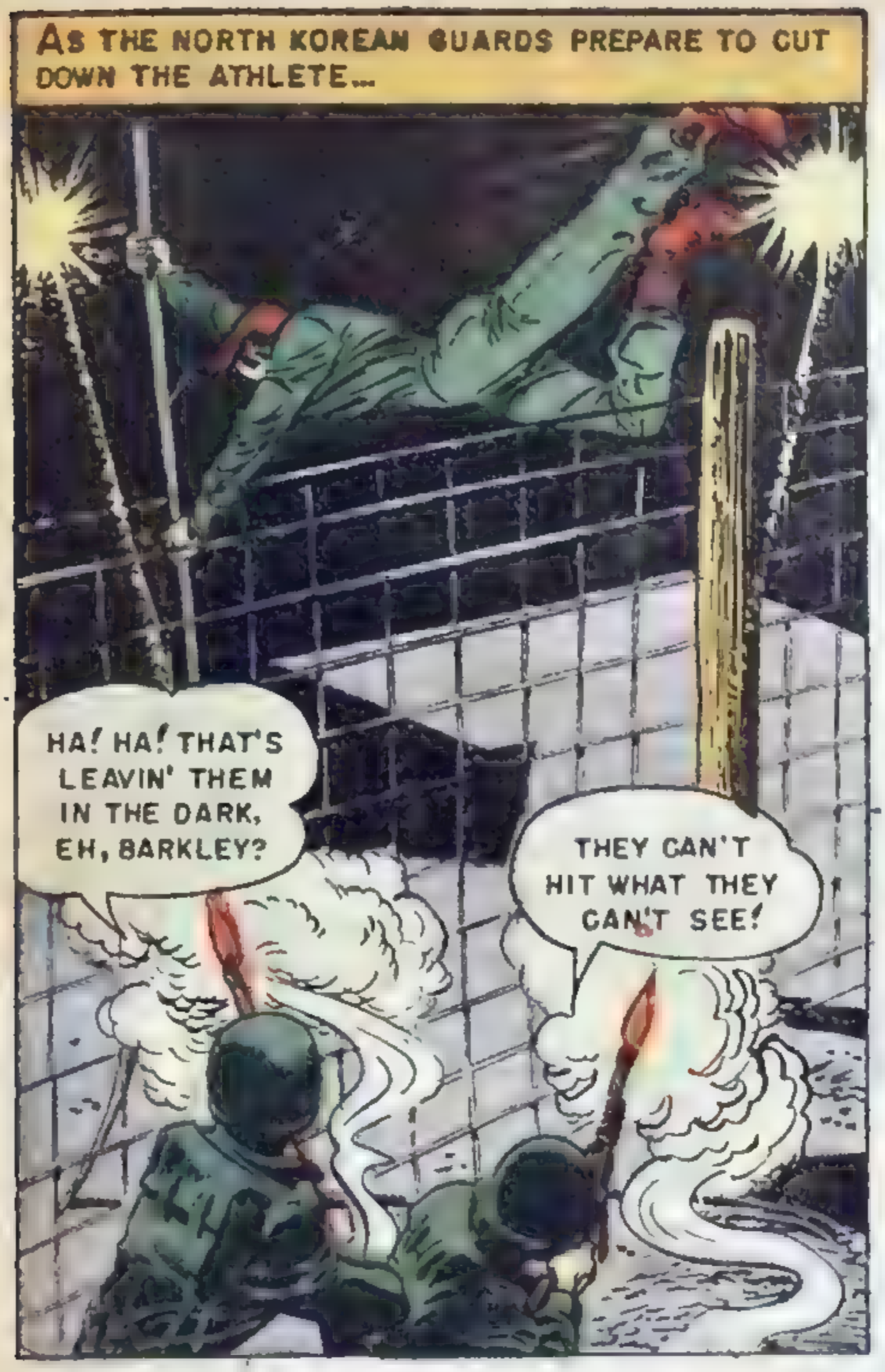
TAKE OFF, PETERS!

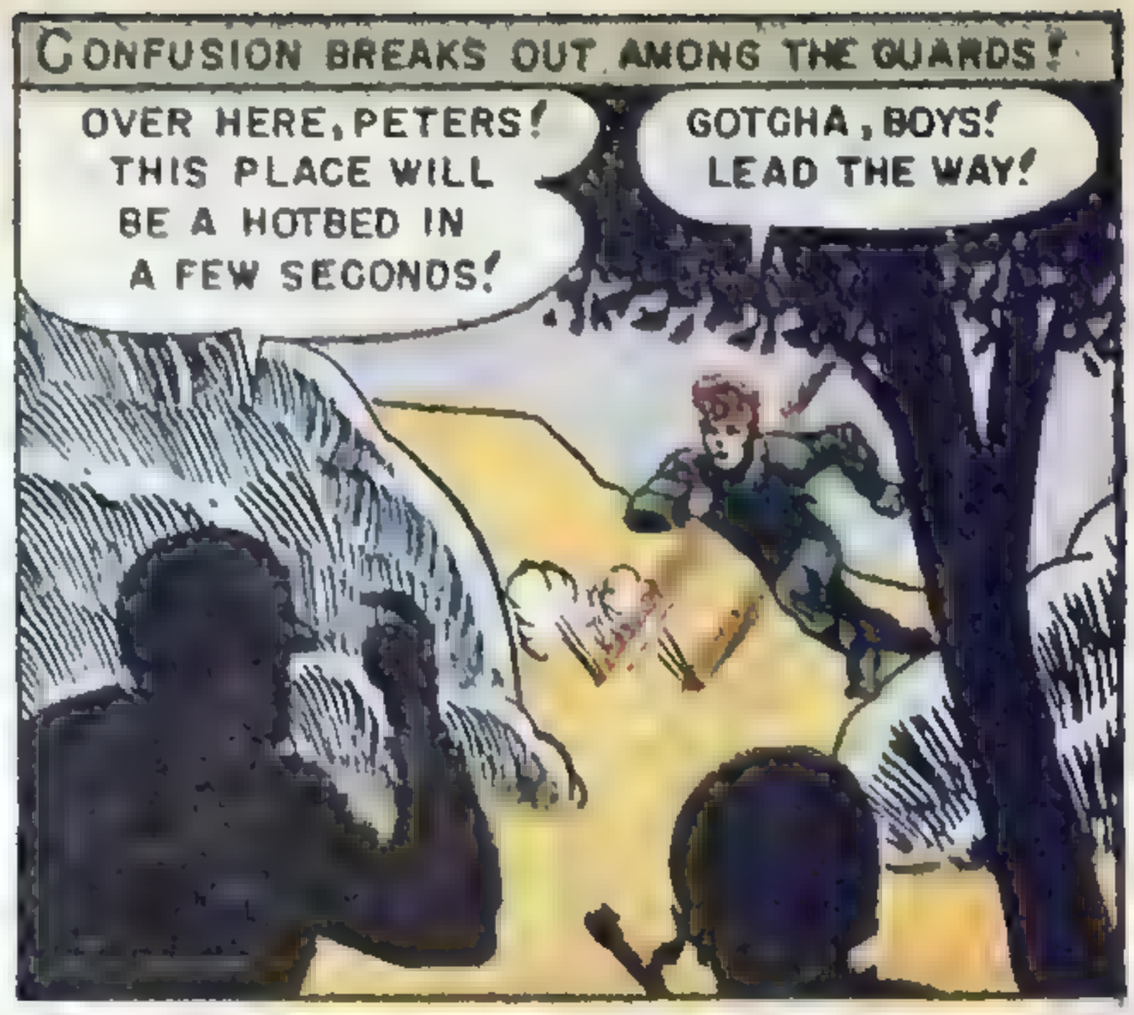
KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED!

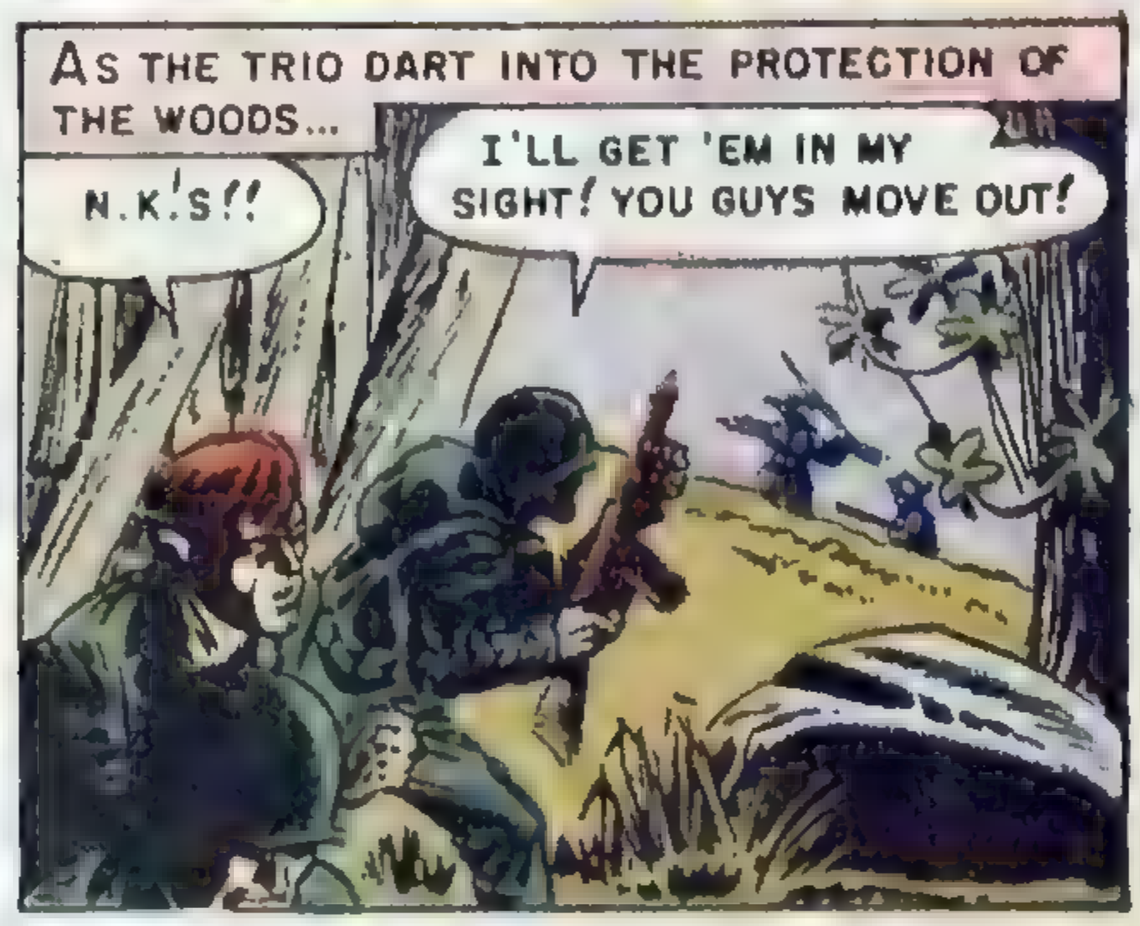
THE EX-OLYMPIC STAR DARTS DOWN THE NARROW ALLEYWAY INTO THE LIGHTED AREA!

LOOK! A FOOL YANKEE TRYING TO ESCAPE! PUT YOUR LIGHT ON HIM!

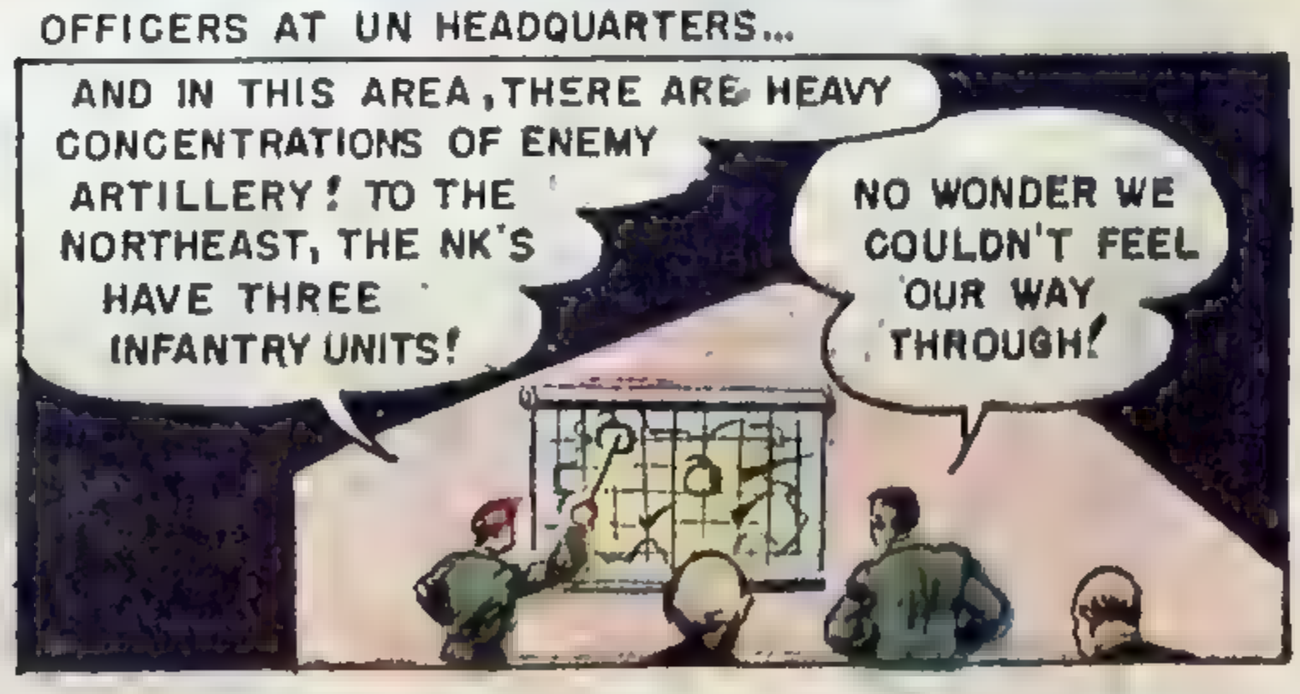
KILL HIM! IT WILL BE ONE LESS MOUTH TO FEED!

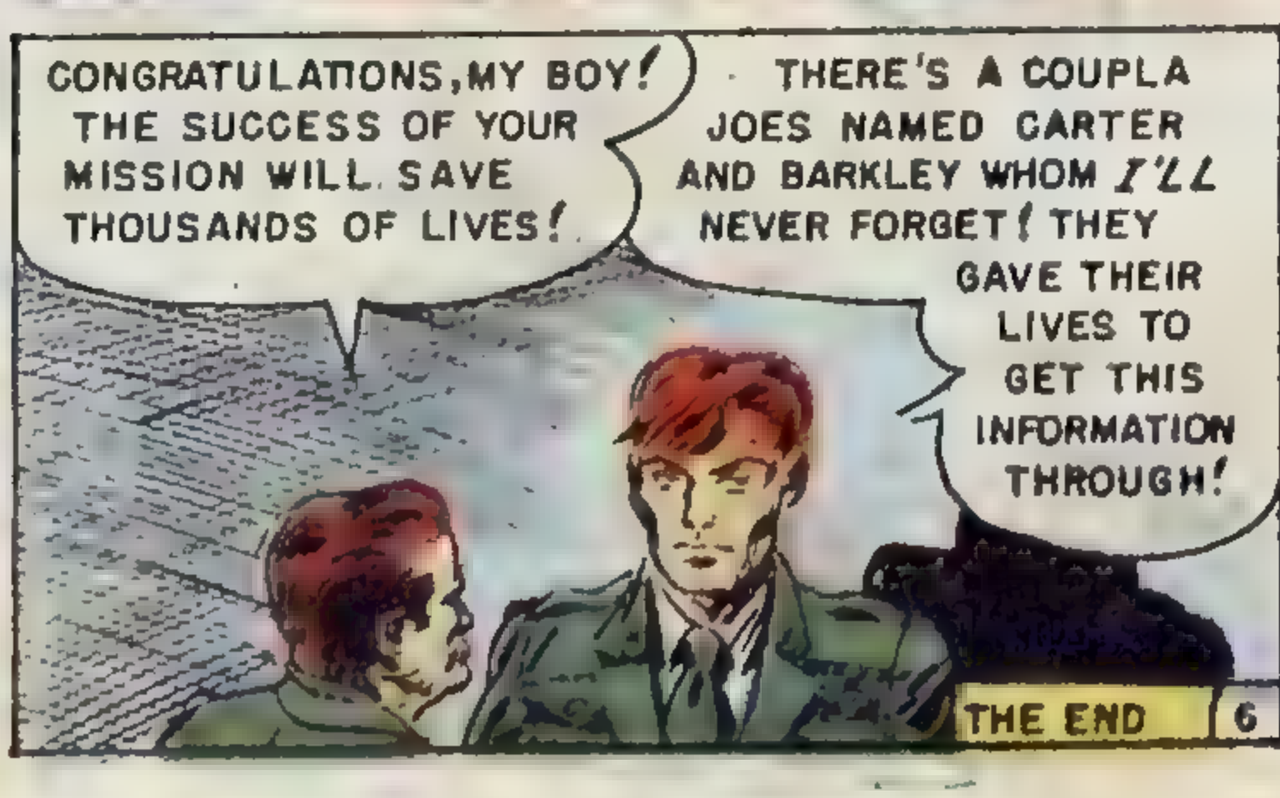

AS THE NORTH KOREAN GUARDS PREPARE TO CUT DOWN THE ATHLETE...
HA! HA! THAT'S LEAVIN' THEM IN THE DARK, EH, BARKLEY?
THEY CAN'T HIT WHAT THEY CAN'T SEE!


CONFUSION BREAKS OUT AMONG THE GUARDS!
OVER HERE, PETERS! THIS PLACE WILL BE A HOTBED IN A FEW SECONDS!
GOTCHA, BOYS! LEAD THE WAY!


AS THE TRIO DART INTO THE PROTECTION OF THE WOODS...
N.K.'S!!
I'LL GET 'EM IN MY SIGHT! YOU GUYS MOVE OUT!

BARKLEY! HE'S BEEN HIT! GOT TO HELP HIM!!
WE'RE PULLIN' OUT, PETERS! GET MOVIN'!


DAYS LATER, WILLIAM PETERS BRIEFS HIGH ALLIED OFFICERS AT UN HEADQUARTERS...
AND IN THIS AREA, THERE ARE HEAVY CONCENTRATIONS OF ENEMY ARTILLERY! TO THE NORTHEAST, THE NK'S HAVE THREE INFANTRY UNITS!
NO WONDER WE COULDN'T FEEL OUR WAY THROUGH!


CONGRATULATIONS, MY BOY! THE SUCCESS OF YOUR MISSION WILL SAVE THOUSANDS OF LIVES!
THERE'S A COUPLA JOES NAMED CARTER AND BARKLEY WHOM I'LL NEVER FORGET! THEY GAVE THEIR LIVES TO GET THIS INFORMATION THROUGH!
THE END

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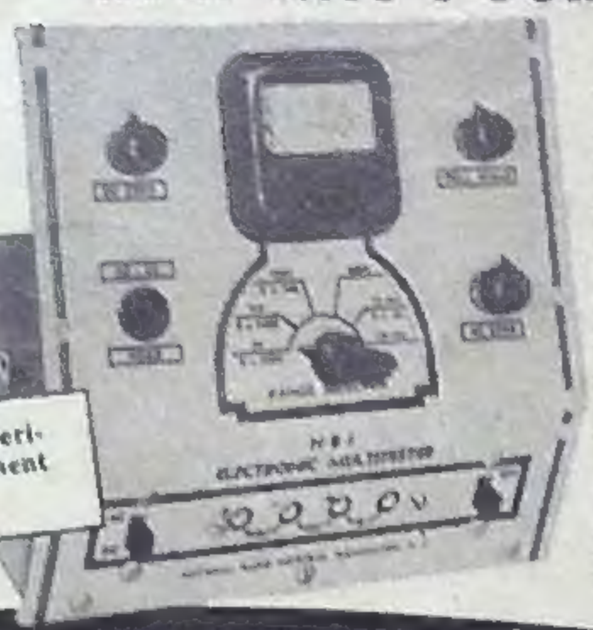

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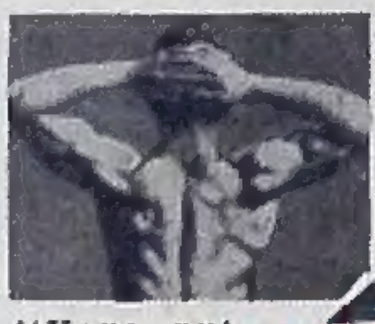

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